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SUMMER RAMBLES

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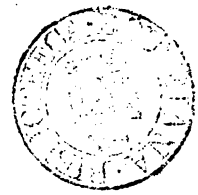

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SUMMER RAMBLES

LEO H. G[illegible]

MANCHESTER
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1865

SUMMER RAMBLES

IN

CHESHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, AND YORKSHIRE,

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"Manchester Walks and Wild Flowers."

BY

LEO H. GRINDON,

LECTURER ON BOTANY AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, MANCHESTER.

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys, O ye mountains,
O ye groves and crystal fountains,
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

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PREFACE.

THE opening of various new lines of railway has given access, within the last few years, to portions of the neighbourhood of Manchester rarely visited before, even by naturalists, and totally unknown to the majority of our townspeople. Such, for example, are the districts about Mobberley, Marple, and Whaley Bridge. The new railways have given access also to places of well-known and celebrated beauty which were previously quite beyond the limits of a day's excursion.

These considerations, and the kind reception given to the original "Walks and Wild Fowers," published in 1858, have induced the author to prepare a more extended account of the neighbourhood. The places described and referred to are seldom less than seven miles distant, and very many lie at a distance of

twenty to thirty miles. With scarcely an exception, the whole are described from personal acquaintance. The circulars issued by the author to the members of the Field-Naturalists' Society, during the last six summer-seasons, have been largely made use of, so as to embody in this volume the best and most interesting portions of the information they contained, and to this has been added a large amount of entirely new matter. The book does not pretend to be exhaustive. Several places indeed, of which some mention may be expected, have been designedly not spoken of, the author not possessing personal or authentic knowledge of them.

The descriptions of the several places of course refer to their aspect *upon fine days*, and at such seasons of the year as they are best visited. The loveliest scenery is not infrequently a blank, if surveyed at an unpropitious hour. It is necessary, moreover, for the enjoyment of them, to carry with us, in all cases, a disposition to be pleased, and especially with the little and the simple things of Nature, which, if we do not preserve and cultivate the love of, we shall find ourselves less able to appreciate the grand and majestic.

It is scarcely needful to say that many of the places described, though rendered accessible to the public by the liberality and the courtesy of the proprietors, can be entered only by making previous and orderly application. Difficulty need scarcely ever arise in respect of this; all depends upon the manner in which the application is preferred. This is most especially the case with moors and woods preserved for game. The author will be glad, at any time, to supply particulars as to admission that cannot otherwise be obtained.

It has only to be added that the book being intended to serve the purpose of a Directory quite as much as that of a systematic description, the author has frequently adopted a style of expression to correspond. At the end will be found an extended summary of the chief Railway-stations of the district, and of the distances thereto; also, a comprehensive index of the places, objects, and circumstances that have been mentioned.

85 RUMFORD STREET, MANCHESTER,
April 1866.

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SUMMER RAMBLES.

RIGHT AND LEFT OF THE RAILWAY TO BUXTON.

AS in a great kingdom there are towns and cities from which roads to important places strike away in all directions, reminding us of those that led from the Forum of ancient Rome towards the various provinces,—so, amid the fields, far away in the country, we often meet with spots that are centres of landscape beauty, and starting-points for half-a-dozen delightful rambles. DISLEY is one of these. Hills and valleys; the pleasant shade of trees; sweet slopes of green, that are open to all the breezes and all the sunshine; dells with little streams, and summits from which we may throw the eye far over the plain,—such are the attractions of this cheery place, any part of which, if not satisfying, may be exchanged for a scene of greater interest.

To Disley, accordingly, let every one turn attention who desires a cyclopædia of the charms of nature. The Sea alone is wanting. Were a glimpse of *that* to be gained, as an everyday and matter-of-course spectacle, from one of the glorious ridges that here form the outworks of Derbyshire, Disley, in its possessions, would be perfect. A curious and beautiful sort of *mirage* of the distant sea is not infrequently given among the Derbyshire hills, by those prosaic things, the telegraph wires, which, viewed at certain distances, cut off from the horizon great fields of sky, that need little imagination to be thought salt-water.

Visitors to Disley unacquainted with the picturesque localities there to be found, and inquiring for its speciality, are naturally directed to LYME HALL. It is well to commence explorations with this far-famed place, alike for the capital introduction to the general character of the Disley scenery that is supplied as we tread the path; and for the magnificent structure at the end, which pleases so much the more from the circumstance of our coming upon its antique stateliness almost unawares. The ground-plan of the building is quadrangular, a piazza running round three sides of the court within; the architecture, like that of many other old halls, is in several different styles, one portion being of the time of Elizabeth or James the First, with Corinthian wings; while the south front, including the noble portico, is Ionic. From a date upon the outside, it would seem that the principal part of the

restoration (for a building, used as a residence, stood here in 1465) was completed in 1668. The wings were cased by Giacomo Leoni, in the years 1726–1729. Inside, a fine example of the decorative architecture of the Elizabethan era is found in the long gallery, extending to 124 feet; and for persons of taste, there is an extensive and very valuable collection of works of art, with armour and weapons, ancient and modern. Every here and there are displayed, also, the ancient armorial bearings of the Leghs, which, like all pure and original heraldry, are exceedingly simple, and form an admirable illustration of the true character and intent of heraldic devices, and of the high intrinsic value of a certain amount of heraldic knowledge, little as it is appreciated in Manchester. At the battle of Creçy, A.D. 1346, in which the flower of the Cheshire chivalry were engaged, the banner of the Black Prince was rescued by the brave Sir Thomas Danyers, and Lyme was bestowed on him by Richard II. as a reward. In due time it was inherited by the daughter of Sir Thomas, and by her it was brought as a wedding-gift to Piers or Perkin-a-Legh, the ancestor of the family still in possession. The armorial bearings upon the shield, as carried into the battle, were, in the language of heraldry, "*gules*, a cross engrailed, *argent*,"—that is to say, the surface of the brave old knight's buckler was red, and upon this was painted a great white St George's cross, reaching from top to bottom, and from side to side, and having the edges escalloped.

To commemorate the act of heroism alluded to, after the battle there was ordered to be depicted upon the shield, so as to occupy the centre, an honorary escutcheon, representing the mailed right arm of a warrior, the hand grasping a silver pennon, and the whole set round with silver stars, which the black ground of the escutcheon (so coloured in allusion to the title of the Black Prince) made look so much the more brilliant. Stars were placed upon it because symbolical of excellence and perfection, and, in a soldier, of fidelity and loyalty. So instructively does heraldry, when rightly read, become not only an auxiliary to history, but in its symbolism, a key-note to the best part of philosophy, which, Lord Bacon tells us, consists essentially in the perception of the "respondences of things,"—the original and immortal harmonies between the objects of nature and the properties, qualities, and possessions of the human soul, and the playing forth of them, as illustrated in this "respondence" of the stars with what is noble and illustrious in character and action. This, accordingly, is what we now find represented in stone and painting at Lyme Hall, and thus is the memory of the great deed at Crecy preserved for ever in the family. According to some historians, it was Piers Legh who effected the rescue, and to whom the grant was made; but the account that gives honour to Sir Thomas Danyers appears to be the true one, and, in any case, the origin of the escutcheon remains the same.

For lovers of minute nature, there is little either in the Park or about the Hall. The little, however, is good. On the bank upon the left hand, just before coming to the gate, have often been observed plenty of glow-beetles, popularly miscalled glow-*worms;* upon the walls grow the rue-leaved spleenwort and the centipede-spleenwort, (*Asple'nium Ruta-mura'ria* and *Trichom'anes,*) the latter particularly upon the bridge in the plantation, by the ravine; and in the ravine itself is plenty of that very curious plant, the yellow touch-me-not, the seed-pods of which burst when ripe into narrow shreds, that curl up quick as lightning, and jerk out the large brown seeds on every side. Hence, wherever a touch-me-not is allowed to grow for a season or two unmolested, it diffuses itself in all directions, and is with difficulty eradicated. No one desires to root it out when growing in such a dingle as this, where it forms a pleasing and exotic contrast to the unpretending aborigines of the soil.

In the lower portion of the Park are many venerable trees, including a famous oak, now decrepit, its gaunt upper boughs and branches bare and peeled, and looking like gigantic antlers. This is called the "Derby oak," from an Earl of Derby having once run down a stag close by. Near to it is the "Bees' oak," so named on account of a colony of bees having, beyond the memory of man, and until within these last few years, constructed their waxen cities within the shelter of its

hollow trunk. Here too are many vigorous oaks, and some handsome examples of the mountain-ash, and especially a great abundance of limes—those beautiful trees that, when in bloom, fill the air with honeyed fragrance, and whose flowers supply more nectar than any others that grow in England. To see the lime-tree in perfection, go beneath it and *look up*, the foliage otherwise hiding the countless blossoms that it shelters. The leaves at once declare this tree, the blade being much larger upon one side of the mid-rib than upon the other; and if the leaves be gone, or not open, because too early in the spring, we may recognise it by the conical red buds.

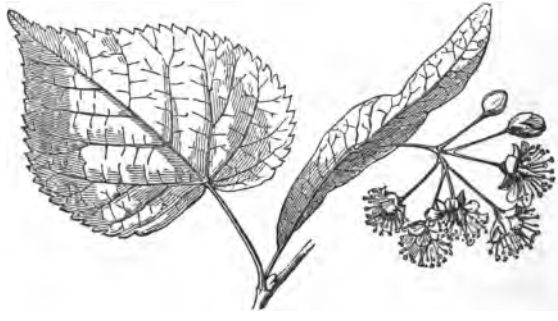


FIG. 1.—Leaf and Flowers of Lime-tree.

The abundance of these trees in and about Lyme Park is often supposed to be alluded to in the name of the place. This is an error. Anciently written "Lime," the word signifies that the estate is situated on the

"*limes*"—limits, or extreme frontier—Disley being on the very margin of the county.

The green expanses of the Park, though they partake of the loneliness of the neighbouring moors, are pleasant at every season of the year. As we traverse them, eastwards the eye reposes on Marple church, and the round hills that shelter Strines; south-west, the great plain that stretches to Bowdon and Knutsford lies at our feet like a tinted map. The square, gray, tower-like building that rises near the road, midway between Disley and the Hall, constitutes the well-known landmark called LYME CAGE, and appears to have been originally intended for the use of the huntsmen, Lyme having been famous as a chase from time immemorial, and noted, moreover, for the excellent quality of its venison. Lyme also is one of the few remaining places where the original wild cattle of the country are still preserved. A few years ago, at certain times, these interesting creatures, chiefly white, with red ears, might be seen upon the hill above the ravine, to the number of about a dozen.

Going to the front of the Hall, charming views are again obtained. The hills are dotted with trees in a way to inspire a Linnell, and upon the right is an avenue of at least seventy limes.

If, upon arrival at Disley, (the old church of which, by the way, contains many objects of interest to the

archæologist,) instead of bearing to the right, and visiting Lyme, we make our way for a short distance along the Buxton road, and then mount the steep ascent upon the left, cottages on either hand, eventually turning into a lane, through a gate that opens and shuts by a piece of mechanism illustrative of the ingenuity of the antediluvians, we come to the broad and airy hillside called JACKSON EDGE. Keep mounting the turf upon the left, and a few minutes will bring reward in another of the grand initiative panoramas upon which Disley so justly prides itself. The plain, seen from Lyme Park, is displayed even more extensively, yet we must not pause over it long, since a greater treat awaits us. Jackson Edge, however, may by some be found far enough, and in that case it is best to curl round by the stone-quarries, (where grows the stag's-horn, *Lycopo'dium clava'tum*,) and so into the fir-wood, thence descending into the Buxton road—a very pleasant little walk, and enough, in truth, to give an idea of the extent of country commanded from this last of the Cheshire hills. Better far nevertheless is it to descend in the direction that leads farthest away from Disley, when, after passing through a few fields, we reach MARPLE RIDGE. No one can suppose, without going thither, how vast is the prospect obtained from the ridge, and it is hard to believe that we command it with so little climbing. The fact is, that the railway does most of the work for us, the line from Hazel-grove to Disley being one con-

tinuous rise. Standing with our backs to Disley, on the right we have the great green pyramid called Cobden Edge, then the hills that rise above Whaley-Bridge and Taxal, with Kinder-Scout resting, as it were, on their shoulders—though far away—and villages, groves, and spires among their feet. In front are hills again, Werneth Lowe, always recognised by its vertical fringe of trees.; Stirrup-benches and Charlesworth-coombs, towering into the horizon; and the three hill churches, whose names alike begin with the letter M—Mellor, Mottram, and Marple—with Chadkirk and Compstall in the valley. Looking southwards, at the distance of a couple of miles or so, are Lyme Cage and Lyme Hall, the latter half-concealed among trees; and due west, lying beneath us like a garden below a balcony, is the vast plain already surveyed from Jackson Edge, and which stretches uninterruptedly to Chester, with Alderley, Dunham spire, the Frodsham hills, (dropping off at the extremity like an unfinished railway embankment,) and the towers and large buildings of Manchester and Stockport. To see this grand prospect in perfection, of course requires that the atmosphere shall be clear; the sun, too, must be bright, but a little veiled with clouds—shining upon it, but not dazzling our eyes. The best time is shortly before sunset on a Sunday evening in July, when the smoke of the preceding week is dissipated, and the sunbeams — mellow, and almost horizontal — at once illuminate the western faces of the mountains and the

vast plain with its incalculable wealth of life. Let those who make a pilgrimage hither not forget to bring their opera-glasses, which, however useful if we would scan the features of a cantatrice, have a higher and more becoming use on the mountain-side.

Pursuing the road along the ridge, at last we reach the church and village that give name to it,—the former almost as conspicuous a landmark as Lyme Cage. If bent upon a rural ramble, it is better to turn out of it very soon, not far from the highest part, through a broken place of ingress upon the right, close to a cottage, and so again on to the surface of the grass. Now we are upon the brow of a steep slope that falls in the reverse direction; Strines, with its white buildings, immediately below; the long and sinuous line of shining water that indicates the Peak-forest canal, bearing away to the right; the Derbyshire hills face to face with our own; the new railway line, that promises conveyance to London, *via* Guide-bridge and Buxton, in a shorter time than we can travel by any other, skimming along the base; and Newmills, in many buildings, half disclosing itself above. Descending this almost precipitous field, bearing to the left, and crossing the canal, we reach the banks of the river Goyt, and when over the curious old bridge at the foot of Strawberry-hill, have entered the county of spar, not, however, to see mineral curiosities to-day, Derbyshire being at this part of its frontiers precisely similar in productions to North Cheshire. Considerable choice

offers for the next advance. Perhaps the best plan is to proceed by the river-side, through the meadows, and so onwards to the handsome and conspicuous building called Arkwright's Mill. At this point, a return path, *via* Strines, to Disley, may be found without difficulty, first ascending the hill for a short distance towards Mellor; or if preferred, we may go past the mill, admiring the old walnut and other trees that make this place so different from almost all others where manufacturing is going on, and obtain access in due time to Marple station, whence a ride of about twelve miles will bring us to London-road. For a long walk, on a frosty winter's day, no route more desirable can be found than this from Disley, over Marple Ridge, to Arkwright's Mill, and back again to Disley through the valley. Again, in advanced summer, if we love the sight of wild-flowers, down by this sequestered river-side wait for us, with many more, the giant campanula, hanging out delicate bells of blue; and the wild anise, loaded with brown and furrowed seeds, so fragrant that the rustics have named the plant sweet-ciceley; and in the grove, by the second bridge, is the wild maple-tree, every branchlet decked with clusters of quaint and skinny fruits, that seem the dried-up relics of ancient insect-wings. When without fruit, we may know the maple by its deeply-furrowed and corky bark, which is often so spongy that it yields to the pressure of the fingers. The leaves, like the fruits, grow in pairs, and are deeply incised, as repre-

sented in the drawing. During the summer they may often be found thickly strewed with little red pimples, which are the abiding-place of a colony of some tiny creature; and in the autumn they turn yellow—a remarkable circumstance, seeing that the foliage of a near relative, the sugar-maple of New Brunswick, acquires a vivid and last-

FIG 2.—Leaves and Fruit of Maple.

ing crimson hue. At every season, in a word, in this opulent valley there is plenty to delight the heart that loves the fair simplicities of nature. One of the nightingales that visited our neighbourhood in May 1862, was located close to Strines; and it was upon the bank by the wayside leading from Strines to Disley, that Mr Sidebotham, a few years previously, discovered that pretty shell, the *Clausil'ia lamina'ta*, of which there are no doubt plenty of specimens still to be found. Let collectors who may seek them not forget that the true lover of nature

desires not to destroy life, but to *preserve* it; and that both their own pleasure in the future, and that of others, is spoiled by the inconsiderate appropriation of more specimens than are actually needed for *bonâ fide* scientific purposes. There is no excuse for the wanton annihilation or impoverishment of the locality, either of a rare bird, or of an uncommon shell, or of a rare insect. The laying-out of the paths, and the planting of the valley, were the exemplary work of the late Mr Samuel Oldknow, who formerly owned the property, and occupied the large mill where we found the walnut-trees. Mr Oldknow was in many ways a great benefactor to the neighbourhood: he was the projector also of the Peak-forest canal.

Cobden Edge, the huge round hill that rises over Strines, is best approached direct from Disley, crossing the road a little beyond the "Ram's Head" hotel, and going down the steep lane. Presently we come to a slit in the wall upon the right hand, through which it is necessary to sidle, accommodating ourselves as we best can to the diameter of the passage, afterwards crossing the canal and the river Goyt, curling to the right, then going through a pretty glen, and so to the path that leads up the hill. From the summit, all the grandeurs of Marple Ridge are renewed fivefold. Lyme Park and Alderley have sunk nearly into the plain; the Marple hills are only an undulation; Beeston Castle is conspicuous; Kinder-Scout and the hills on the Buxton road are in a line with the eye.

Start once again from Disley station, this time going a short distance along the Buxton road, in the direction of Hazel-grove, and keeping abreast of the fir-wood that slopes from Jackson Edge. In ten minutes we reach the new entrance to Lyme Park, and close by this turn down a lane upon the left, then bear to the right, then to the left again, then cross the brook, and so by a path that cannot possibly be mistaken, and which includes a passage of the rails, into sweet fields that rise and fall, and where we find the stream again, winding amid flowers and leafage, alder-trees, sweet-ciceley, and forget-me-not, till at last it takes refuge from their flattery in the cave-like entrance to the tunnel through the hill that we next ascend. The moist dell upon the left of the upward path is a remarkable locality for one of the most extraordinary plants that belong to the existing flora of our planet, namely, the great white-stemmed horse-tail, *Equise'tum Telmatei'a*, the English name referring to the odd resemblance of a stem, with its branches half-withered and held upside down, to the tail of a charger, and *Telmateia* to the fondness of the plant for moisture. In April there come up pipe-like and leafless stalks, as thick as the finger, about a foot in height, and sheathed with a singular vesture that cannot be compared to anything else in nature, for the simple reason that it is unique; while on the summit there is a yellowish cone. Later in the season these leafless stems are superseded by white ones, scarcely so thick, but seve-

ral feet high, and with many stories of horizontal and wire-like green branches, that divide and subdivide; lastly, in winter we seem to have some battle-field

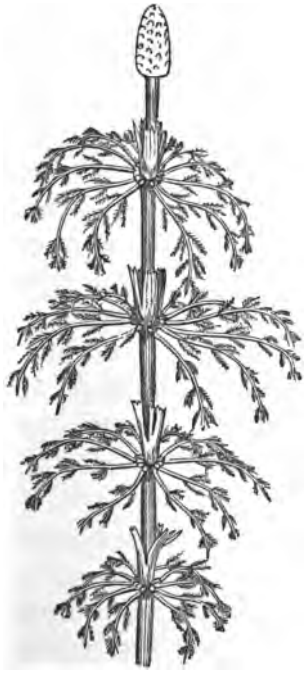


FIG. 3.—Sylvan Horse-tail.

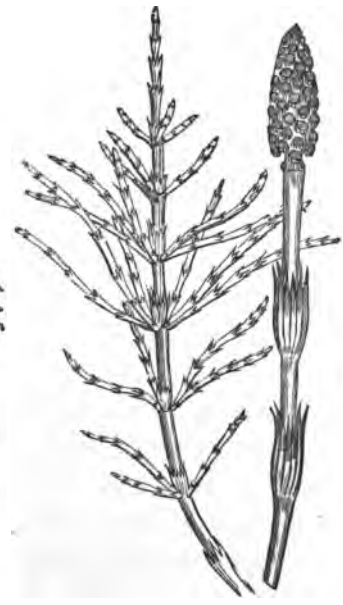


FIG. 4.—Field Horse-tail.

before us—the withered stems lying about, all bent and broken, like so many skeletons. Dust out the green seeds from the heads of the April stems, and when placed in the microscope they present in their move-

ments a spectacle most diverting. Compare the October stems with other living plants, and then with certain fossils, and these curious *Telmateias*, like their kindred, of which there are nine or ten, declare themselves the representatives of a plant-dynasty that in all its other types and forms expired tens of thousands of years ago. More than any other plants on the face of the earth, they take us into the infinite Past. Several other species of horse-tail occur about Manchester, and very abundantly, but none are so well entitled to the name. The common field horse-tail grows on every piece of waste clay-land, and the sylvan horse-tail opens its pretty cupolas in nearly every wood. The groves at Prestwich abound with it.

The hill ascended, a few yards' walk by the side of the canal brings into view a swing-bridge, crossing by which we are close to Mr Bullock's farm, held by his ancestors of the same name, under the Leghs of Lyme, for three centuries. Now we descend rapidly, soon renewing companionship with the stream — the path, upon arrival at the brink, changing to the opposite side of the water, which, as previously, is clear and voiceful. The distance to this point from Disley is about six furlongs. Across the stream, we are in the beautiful grove or natural plantation called MIDDLEWOOD — that long and romantic strip of sylvan covert which borders the right-hand side of the railway just below Disley, and which in some parts forms a green

wall both right and left. From the tree-concealed hollow near the meadow, we hear the sound made by a great water-wheel. The brook, turbid only after heavy storms, is one of the few unpolluted ones still to be found near Manchester, except where buildings cannot go. It has its rise in four or five springs and rain-fed cavities among the hills near and above Lyme Hall, especially those of Whaley-moor, near Dissop-head and the Bow-stones, at an elevation of 1300 feet above the sea, or about 400 feet higher than Lyme Cage, which is calculated to be 882. Running cheerily through Middlewood, it is nowhere long lost sight of; and though at a point where the land lies low, and the course is apt to be forsaken, it is sometimes the cause of a little embarrassment, and bestows gratuities in the shape of shoefuls of water, while beside it are interjections and wailings, that to some who listen are sweeter than music, and anon little gallantries, and many splashings, and lost and swimming flowers, and stretched-out arms, and huge leaps, and deputed parasols—still, it is always parted with reluctantly. By and by, we shall know more about it, many a charming path being found beside its course ere at Cheadle its bubbles swim into the Mersey. Middlewood, it must be confessed, is not a place to venture into for some time after much rain has fallen. When the ground is dry, there is no walk more rewarding; but the nature of the soil, and the closeness of the trees,

and the liability of the stream to be flooded at the point referred to, make it in a wet season rather troublesome to penetrate. Just at the entrance, on the bank opposite the water-wheel, tradition points out the site of a cave, the opening now closed with earth and heavy stones, overhung by the roots of an old oak-tree, and shaded in front by hazels and sallows. About a hundred years ago, this cave is said to have been the retreat and workshop of a coiner, who was detected and subsequently executed, through information given in the prattle of his little daughter. There is something so inexpressibly sad in the idea of an innocent child being made the means of her father's disgrace and death, that it is to be hoped tradition is in this particular mistaken. Incomparably more interesting than any tales of crime and trouble are the natural productions found, like Rosalind's verses, "in the wood," and especially in that sweet season when Spring, still retaining her robes, bids welcome to early Summer, and the two keep festival, as friends should always, with the glow upon the heart; the blue-bells not yet gone, though the rose-lychnis is beginning to suffuse the shades with its luminous blushes, and the anemone, that most social of wild-flowers, still loiters in quiet corners, as if to watch the advent of the golden dead-nettle.

Pursuing the path for about a mile, with fortunes as varying as those ascribed to Florence, we come at last to

a light bridge over the self-same stream that was crossed at entering, and then going a few yards along the by-road, with the ravine upon our right, in front we see a neat cottage, with oak-painted window-shutters. Alongside of it is the entrance to Poynton wood, passing through which we enter Poynton Park, a property of Lord Vernon's, and thence, though the way is rather tedious, we find our way to Hazel-grove station. The entire distance from Disley to the latter place is about four miles. Middlewood is not "preserved." It is semi-private, nevertheless, so that it is rare, on going through, to hear any voices but our own, and those of the birds. On proper application being made to Mr Legh, permission to respectable people to walk through would no doubt at any time be accorded. In Poynton Park there is a fine sheet of water. Close to the Hall there are likewise some remarkable lime-trees, of considerable age, and well presenting the characteristic feature of this tree when old. The centre of the tree, in age, becomes filled with shoots and twigs, so that to climb into it is impossible. But this fits it to become an asylum for little birds, who take refuge in the leafy jungle when chased by hawks.

Middlewood abounds with objects pleasing to the student of nature, as do the fertile meadows between Disley and the *Telmateia* hill. Daffodils in the latter, and purple crocuses; in the wood, the beech-fern; and near Poynton, a stream full of the *Nitel'la translu'cens*,

that looks like rolls of green velvet beneath the clear water, give note of its treasures botanical. Birds are there for the ornithologist; and not infrequently, in some parts, may be seen the common snake,—moving, as a matter of course, to shelter. For snakes, like wasps, never molest man until they are themselves annoyed, nor do they ever bite except in self-defence. Both ideas as to their habits are quite as erroneous as the fancy which represents them as climbing trees by spiral coiling, when in truth, their movement, whether on the ground or upwards, is always by simple gliding.

The lower portion of the Middlewood stream bears the name of BRAMHALL BROOK. Shortly after issuing from Middlewood, it flows past the tree-covered slope called "Great Reddish wood;" then in front of Bramhall Hall, where it is rich, no doubt, in unwritten story; —then it passes under Lady Bridge, making its way at last, as said above, to Cheadle. Here it acquires considerable historic interest, the point of junction with the Mersey being close to the spot where that celebrated river was crossed by Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, on his march towards a vainly-expected throne. Poor man, he had secretly visited some time previously at Ancoats Hall, the principal seat of the Mosleys, the lords of the manor of Manchester. Full of hope, he came again on the 29th November, and took up his abode at the residence of a friend and adherent in what was then "Market-street

lane." The house he occupied was thereafter called the "palace," and although it has long since disappeared, the name still clings to the locality. On the 1st of December, having stayed only one clear day, he marched for London, crossing the river just below Cheadle by means of a bridge constructed, it is said, of the trunks of poplar trees; in another week he was in full retreat, pursued by the Duke of Cumberland. On the way homeward, he again stayed a day in Manchester, and then moved on through Wigan. The appearance presented by the town of Manchester on this memorable occasion may be tolerably well imagined from the large "view" upon the staircase-walls of the Campfield Free Library, the date of which is 1730, or only fifteen years earlier. Fifteen years in modern Manchester would make a prodigious difference, but at the beginning of the last century growth was slow.

To make acquaintance with Bramhall Brook a good starting-point is Lady Bridge. To this end, go by train to Cheadle-Hulme, access from which to Lady Bridge is easy; then ascend the stream, keeping on the left bank, through the valley, everywhere pleasant, till Bramhall is reached. At Bramhall-green cross the road, again enter the fields, where the path renews itself by the water-side, and so to Mill-bank. Thence, for the return home, we may turn up on the left, and going along Button-lane, get to Hazel-grove station. The purity of the water will often attract attention. That

portion of it which descends from the Lyme hills, and which constitutes the bulk of Bramhall Brook, is considered especially good, and has led to the partial appropriation of this stream to the supply of Stockport. Trout are still to be found in it. Some three or four years ago thirty-five were taken within four hours.

Another, and perhaps a better way, is found by beginning at Hazel-grove. Lovers of green fields will do well to explore it at the very opening of the season for country rambles, for it will reassure them as to the variety of agreeable walks that lie close at hand, and leave that pleasing impression upon the mind which is one of the chief rewards of treading new and worthy paths, and which is far better and more lasting than any pleasure that depends on mere excitement.

The beginning, from the station, is by the curvilinear bridge on the Manchester side, from which we get our first view of the hilly amphitheatre that has Lyme and Disley for its centre. Thence we go down a lane, and through fields, keeping the hedge to the right hand; presently winding to the right, close to a pond; then crossing a cindered lane, and another field, and emerging into a paved road. Proceeding up this road, as if returning towards Hazel-grove, about 200 yards in advance lies Bramhall House, in front of which we pass, then get over a letter A stile in the hedge, so as to have the latter upon our left, and soon afterwards reach a little stream, the course of which we must accom-

pany. Attached to stones beneath the surface of the water, in this stream grows the necklace-weed, *Batrachosper'mum monilifor'me*, concerning which, more anon. Soon, upon the right, appears Jackson's farm, a building in the old "magpie" style of architecture; and upon the left, in the month of May, are sycamores covered with their new foliage, wild cherries, white with snowy bloom, and golden-budded oaks, that half conceal the rough and precipitous banks, which in their season are decked with bluebells. Lower down, where the cleft widens and deepens, it is lost in hawthorn, and entangled woodbine, and dog-roses, at midsummer covered with flowers. Soon after this comes a broad meadow, with a bank to lean against, while we examine our gathered treasures; and on quitting it, just as we bend leftwards to cross the rivulet, in front is venerable Bramhall itself, seated elegantly on the crest of the opposite hill. This last field abounds with the "meadow brown" butterfly, *Hipparchia jani'ra;* while in and about the bank are many other curious insects, such as the red-tailed humble-bee, *Bom'bus lapida'ris;* that beautiful iridescent fly, the *Chry'sis igni'ta*, and the solitary wasp. The *Chrysis* is parasitic both upon the bees and upon the wasps, which latter simple creatures, owing to one enemy and another, must lead rather a troubled life. They construct little tunnels for their abode, depositing in them, for private use, the grubs that they find on the gooseberry bushes. But while absent, with a view to increas-

ing their store, the ants, watching their opportunity, walk in, and steal everything they can carry away.

Bramhall Hall is unquestionably the most beautiful building of its kind within many miles of Manchester. It would be difficult indeed to match it in any part of England. Placed most picturesquely upon the brow of a gentle incline, and of very considerable length, it presents a remarkably fine example of the ancient "black and white" style of architecture, with gables, windows, and other parts and adjuncts, all in admirable harmony, and in perfect preservation. Although the oldest portions have now stood for four centuries, while no part is more recent than the time of Queen Elizabeth, (except where slight modern repairs have been requisite,) the building is as strong and firm as at the beginning, and many times has it been remarked that when other houses have been felt to shake in wind and storm, Bramhall Hall, though seated on such comparatively high ground, has remained quite unaffected. In the interior are contained numerous very interesting memorials, independently of great quantities of massive and ancient furniture. In the drawing-room, among others, are the royal arms of Queen Elizabeth, wrought in blue and gold upon a white ground, with the Norman-French motto, "Vive la Royne." The Davenports, who hold and occupy this noble property, date from the time of the Conquest, their progenitor having been one of the chieftains by whom William was accompanied to England.

Long ago they united in marriage with the De Bramhalls, (through Alice de Bramhall,) and in the fifteenth century was commenced the present lineage. During the Civil Wars the occupant was one Peter Davenport, who asked only to be "left quiet," but appears to have been molested more than he cared for, first by the Royalists, afterwards by the Parliamentary forces. In an account of his grievances, still extant, he complains pathetically of the stealing of all his horses. One of the most interesting particulars connected with Bramhall Hall, noticed even by the most casual passer-by, is the armorial crest of the Davenports, carved upon the stone-work of the gateway. This consists of the head of a felon, "couped," or cut short off, as if he had been guillotined, and with a rope wound loosely about the neck. The allusion is to the magisterial power, termed "serjeancy," which this family once possessed by royal favour over the whole of the great district called the forest of Macclesfield. The power was absolute, for life and death, and is thus very plainly expressed. The popular explanation of this singular crest, based on the story of the abduction of an heiress, is not true, or in any way sustained. At Bramhall Hall, it may be added, is a chapel of the Episcopal Church, where service, open to the public, is held every Sunday afternoon.*

Resuming our track, and crossing a field, we next enter

* For further particulars respecting Bramhall Hall, see Ormerod's *Cheshire*, vol. iii., p. 400. 1819.

a paved road, turn up on the left hand, and continue as far as the white cottage. The land upon the right is cathedral property, and is signified to be such by some hollies in the hedge, that have been clipped into a rude representation of an ecclesiastical edifice. Turning in behind the cottage, we go past the cluster of buildings called Wall-bank farm, and descend, with a fine view of the valley and distant hills, to the borders of the brook. Ordinarily, the current is rapid, but much depends on the season. If Middlewood be made impassable by the "useful trouble of the rain," then we may expect plenty of water here in the Bramhall valley; otherwise, the scant stream is impeded by innumerable little peninsulas, half sand, half pebble, that reveal the angry character of bygone floods, though planted often with masses of sturdy butterbur. The opposite slope is hung with trees of many kinds, constituting in the collective, Great Reddish wood, and upon our own side there are pleasant little groves, and calm green fields, along which we pursue our way, meeting no one, and overtaken by no one, till in the distance rises Millbank farm, with its three great yews. Approaching the farm, then ascending "Button-lane," Marple church soon appears upon the hill in front, and in a little while comes in view again Hazel-grove station. The length of the walk is about three miles and a half.

The month of May, however, though a capital time if the season be fine, must by no means be relied upon

for developing even the spring attractions of this pretty valley. The east winds, that blacken the early foliage of the poplars, and so cruelly nip the flowering-currants, and that make every one cross who is more than thirty years old, are, about Manchester, not uncommonly felt in all their harshness even as late as Whitsuntide, rushing down the hillsides like avalanches. This identical walk, weeks after plentiful promise of leaf and flower, has proved quite bare of active vegetation ; and to face the sleety blast, and endeavour to keep warm by rapid progress, has been work enough while pursuing it.

Let these hurting winds not have lasted long, and in the meadows, by the middle of May, will be found plenty of that odorous "sweet-ciceley" which we saw near Strines: here, too, are the white meadow saxifrage ; and on the borders of the stream, the nonconformist willow called *Salix trian'dra*, which, to the two stamens of most other species, adds a third, as heraldry would say, "for difference." Willows of all kinds are very interesting, and till the end of May their curious economy can be examined with peculiar advantage in the Bramhall valley. Most plants that bear evident flowers, whether they be herbaceous, or shrubby, or arborescent, are bisexual—that is to say, they are provided with stamens and a pistil, both parts contained in the same blossom ; and sometimes there are many pistils, as well as many stamens. This last condition is plainly seen in flowers of the rose and buttercup kind, the seraglio consisting of

as many as fifty, or even a hundred, distinct pistils. Very different is it with the willows. In these, the

FIG. 5.
Willow (female catkins.)

stamens and pistils are produced, not only apart, but upon *separate trees*, so that it takes two individuals, one of each sex, to represent the species in its entirety. The clusters of flowers, termed "catkins," are, in spring, very conspicuous. As a rule, they are developed before the leaves expand, or at all events while the foliage is still quite young, so that to find them is easy. In most of the common species, those of the male trees are of a bright yellow colour, while those of the female trees are

of a delicate silvery gray, as alluded to by Tennyson in the "Idylls:"

> "A robe that more expressed
> Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
> In colour like the satin-shining palm
> On sallows in the windy gleams of March."

He calls them "palm," in acknowledgment of the popular name, which has reference to the circumstance of willow-shoots, covered with flower-catkins, being used on Palm-Sunday, in the ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church.*

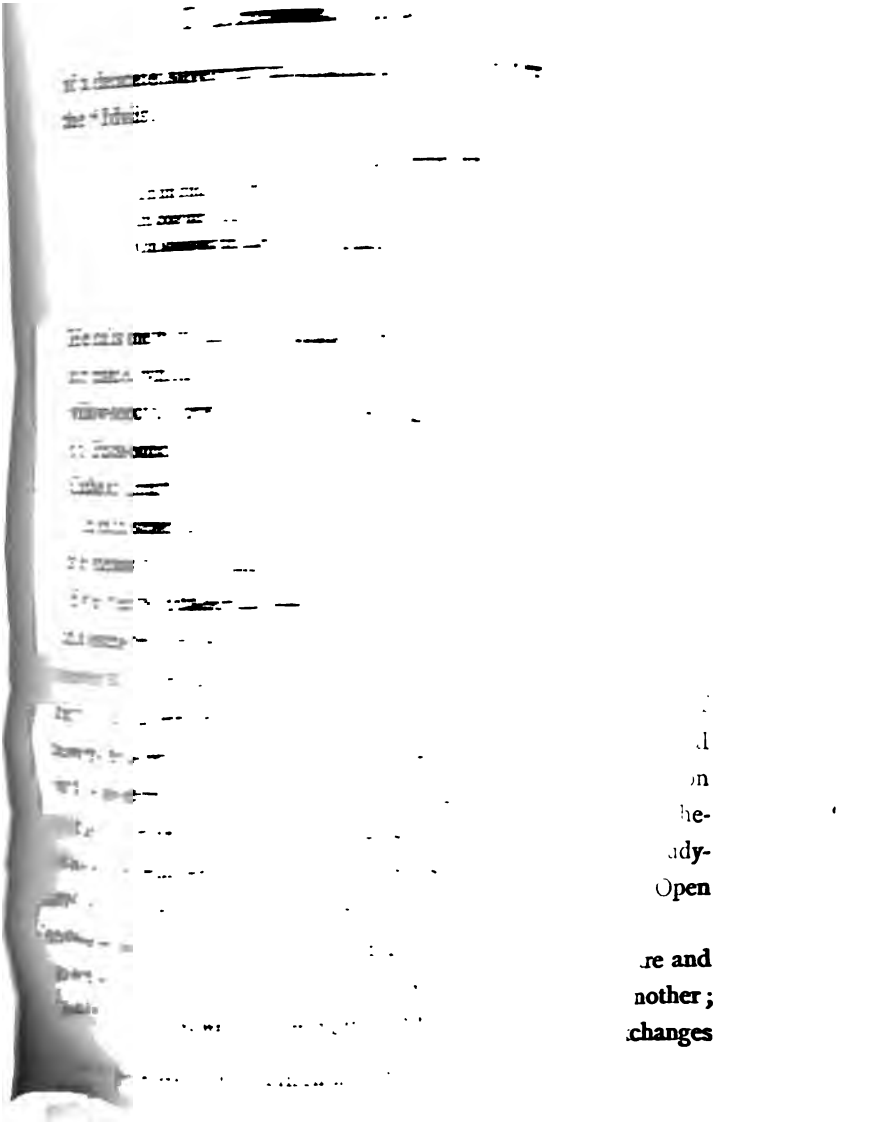
In high summer, when the scythe is being sharpened, the meadows by Bramhall Brook contain profusion of the yellow goatsbeard,—one of those odd plants that combine the aspects of two or three others, and weave out of the union a pretty and striking individuality. The foliage resembles that of a large grass; the flowers are those of a dandelion in miniature, set round with long green rays, that make them seem a spot of gold in the bosom of a leafy star;—like the convolvulus or "morning-glory," the blossom opens with the song of the lark, and shuts by noon; so that, if we let twelve or one o'clock go by, the plant, though close to our feet, like a child hiding in sport, is unperceived. By and by, where the yellow blossom stood,

* See for further particulars, "British and Garden Botany," pp. 590, 591.

a new a - w even a hundred, distinct pistils. Very ... s s with the willows. In these, the

Fig. 4.
a (in mature catkins.)

... not only apart, but ... two individuals, one ... its entirety. The ... ree, in spring, very ... developed before the ... foliage is st... In most ...



that have been made between the old world and the new, Asia sending rice and the sugar-cane to America, and being repaid with maize and the cinchona-tree; no unworthy effort is it to diffuse more widely such exquisite plants as the necklace-weed, albeit they are so "little." It is sufficient that they minister to high scientific uses. That they are susceptible of transplantation has been proved in this very instance, the necklace-weed being now in many more places than formerly. With the Manchester Field-Naturalists, by one of whom* the diffusion has been effected, a leading principle is to *protect and encourage.* Acting on this, the members are annually reminded that they may add greatly to the beauty and interest of the surrounding country, by taking with them, when setting out on rambles, any surplus roots or seeds they may possess, or be able to collect, especially seeds of native plants that do not grow wild in the neighbourhood. They are invited also to collect living freshwater mollusca, and to deposit them in pools, &c., wherein the creatures would be likely to become established. In parts of the country where the flora and fauna have been less diligently explored, and less thoroughly registered, confusion might be caused by this. But in the neighbourhood of Manchester there is little to fear, all the plants having been ascertained, excepting the fungi; and the animals of all classes, excepting some of the inferior kinds of insects, being also well

* W. H. Heys, Esq.

determined. Whatever the risk, better is it to extend the area of a "thing of beauty," so that it may become more and more "a joy for ever," and to souls that otherwise might never behold it, than to refrain from such endeavours on account of their causing technical inconvenience. The gospel of genuine love of nature is "increase and multiply." Scatter seeds as a true heart seeks to scatter kindnesses; technical science, like selfishness, will always take care of itself. With "collectors," the dissemination of plants partakes of the nature of a duty, since it is a set-off against any possible lessening of the abundance of those produced spontaneously. To this end, it is allowable also to scatter the seeds of exotic flowers, and thus to supplement nature in the colonisations already effected. In our catalogues are now admitted many names of plants known to be of foreign origin, but which have come to England casually, and have mingled with the aborigines, the evening-primrose, to wit, and the opium-poppy—and the list is yearly on the increase. Even about Manchester we now have the *Clayto'nia* and the *Mim'ulus* of North America, each plant asserting and holding its place as coolly as if it had been there since the days of the troubadours.

Let us return awhile to Marple. This place is now approachable, not only by way of Disley, but by a railway of its own,—the same as that which skims along the hillside opposite Strines; and which, branching out of the

main Sheffield line at Guide-bridge, moves Marplewards through Hyde, Woodley, and Romilly. The first excursion made by this line should be direct to MARPLE, since, like Disley, it is a centre from which we may strike off in many directions, and it is always best to take the planet before the satellites. One thing is wanting at Marple,—a good hotel, such as holiday-seekers could trust when sharpened by the breath of the mountain air.

Marple Aqueduct has long been famous. It was constructed in order to carry the Peak-forest Canal across the river Goyt, which at this point flows through a deep ravine. The first stone was laid in May 1793. Seven years exactly were occupied in the erection, the last stone having been laid in May 1800. The height from the bed of the river is ninety-seven feet; each of the three great arches is sixty feet in span, the middle one bestriding the river; and viewed from the dell below, the *ensemble* is striking and truly beautiful. A little nearer the village are the equally celebrated Marple Locks, thirteen in number,—the drop in the level of the ground at this part being so great as to make it necessary to lead the canal, as it were, down a flight of steps. A charming walk is obtained by going *up* the river-side, or towards Compstall; there are advantages, however, in taking the downward direction, or towards Romiley.

Mounting from Marple station into the road, it is necessary, in either case, first to return to the aqueduct. For the Romiley walk, this must be crossed, and imme-

diately we are over there is seen upon the left an entrance to the sloping and wooded ground upon the river-bank, with a broad path beneath the trees. Ascending thereby, about half-way up is a pair of holly-bushes, one upon each side of the path, where it is well to turn round and survey the majestic aqueduct, and the lofty railway viaduct that forms a background to it. The rare combination presented in these two works is sufficient to repay a visit. Aqueducts are common enough, and so are viaducts, but it is seldom that we have the opportunity of contemplating, at the same instant, a two-fold row of arches of such grandeur, the viaduct consisting of no less than thirteen, with a uniform span of fifty feet. The height of the viaduct above the river is 135 feet, or thirty-eight greater than the arches of the aqueduct. The first stone was laid September 24, 1861—the last in rather less than twelve months afterwards; so great are the powers and triumphs of the engineering of to-day, compared with those of only seventy years ago. Both structures are independent of brick.

Keeping up the path past the hollies, and going over the crest of the hill, we next descend to the romantic hollow upon the left, close to the river; then mount the field on the side opposite to that by which entrance was made, and so to the brow again, where we get a charming view of Chadkirk Vale. Through the valley winds the Goyt; the prospect is everywhere full and diversified; and in front, towards the left, halfc-oncealed among trees upon

the edge of a distant brow, we get a glimpse of Marple Hall. Re-entering the path by the canal, we proceed along it, past Oakwood Mill, towards Chadkirk. The deep and continuous glen upon the left, and its abundant verdure, prevent any feeling of monotony, and it is not long before we reach the narrow entrance into a little wood, the path through which terminates at a point midway between Otterspool Bridge in front, and white old CHADKIRK, as it were, behind.

Chadkirk, to the archæologist, is a very interesting locality. St Cead or Chad, it is said, was a missionary, who had been educated at the celebrated monastery of Lindisfarne, and was despatched from Iona by St Columb, in the seventh century, to evangelise the district of which Manchester is now the market-place. Chat-moss was named after him; the parish churches of Rochdale and Saddleworth, both probably of the twelfth century, were dedicated to him; and tradition says, that somewhere hereabouts he long resided. So great was his celebrity, that a clear spring by the roadside, upon the left going up the hill, near the church, and now lined with mosses, is still called St Chad's well; while the pleasant path along the hillside, beneath the trees, is known as the Priest's Walk. St Chad afterwards became Bishop of Lichfield, the cathedral of which city, like the above-named churches, is dedicated to him.

Such, at least, is the account given by certain anti-

quaries, but without the probability that is found in another version. "In the Domesday Survey," says Mr Urwick, "it is stated that Gamel held this manor under Earl Cedda, a Saxon, who was suffered to retain possession, and from whom, (according to the able editor of Gastrell's work,*) the place derived its name. The earliest ecclesiastical notice occurs in the King's Book, or 'Valor Ecclesiasticus' of Henry VIII., wherein is named a 'Cantaria in Chadkyrke' endowed with lands and tenements. In 1535 Chadkirk was a Roman Catholic chapel."†

Butler, in his "Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other Principal Saints," (i., 288. Ed. 1833. *Chetham* Library,) gives a different account again, saying that St Chad was fifth Bishop of Mercia, to which diocese he was transferred from York on the death of St Jaruman, the fourth bishop. St Chad himself died March 2, A.D. 673.

Otterspool Bridge is so called from the number of otters that were once to be seen thereabouts. Just before coming to it, on the way from Chadkirk, may be commenced a pleasant and quiet walk through fields and lanes, and past Goyt Hall to Bredbury, and so to Stockport. Crossing the stream, which has now acquired

* "*Notitia Cestriensis*," published by the Manchester Chetham Society, is the work referred to.

† "Nonconformity in Cheshire," by the Rev. W. Urwick (and coadjutors.) Chester, 1862.

considerable breadth and volume, and ascending among the trees upon the left, we presently reach the very interesting and celebrated Elizabethan mansion called MARPLE HALL, a peep of which was obtained from the hill by Marple Aqueduct. It was built either at the end of the reign of Queen Mary or at the beginning of that of Elizabeth, and underwent alterations in 1659. The outer walls have never been altered, and the front being now enriched over a large portion of the surface by a luxuriant tapestry of ivy, the aspect of the place is one of the most picturesque to be found near Manchester. For many generations Marple was a seat of the Vernons of Haddon Hall, Derbyshire. When the estates of the Vernon family were divided between two co-heiresses, one of whom married into the Manners family, and the other into that of the Stanleys, Marple fell to the share of the latter. By an original deed, retained among the archives, and dated June 4, 1606, it appears that Sir Edward Stanley conveyed the Hall and adjoining estates to Henry Bradshaw, Esq., who occupied it as tenant, as his father had done before him. From that time to the present it has remained in the Bradshaw family, Mary Bradshaw, surviving daughter and heiress, becoming the wife, about one hundred and twenty years ago, of Nathanael Isherwood, from whom are descended the present proprietors.

Special interest attaches to Marple Hall from the circumstances connected with the history of the Bradshaw

family,—an exceedingly ancient one, dating from the time of the Saxons, and of Saxon origin. An old pedigree, still preserved at Marple, shows that, at the time of the Norman conquest, John Bradshaw, then the head of the family, showed such courage and independence, that the Conqueror repossessed him of his patrimony—Bradshaw Hall, near Bolton. The latter went in uninterrupted male succession for twenty-five generations, or till 1690, when it became the property of the Bradshaws of Marple. In 1602 was born here the celebrated John Bradshaw, sergeant-at-law, and President of the Court of Commission that sat in Westminster Hall, A.D. 1649, to try Charles I. He was the youngest son of Henry Bradshaw, Esq., by Catherine, daughter of Ralph Winnington, Esq., of Offerton Hall, his mother dying at his birth. In the Stockport register he is stated to have been baptized Dec. 10, 1602, and opposite the entry has been written the word "Traitor." He died, without issue, 1659, and in his will, also preserved at the Hall, bequeaths, among other legacies, one of £10 to his "kinsman, John Milton," the author of Paradise Lost. His elder brother served as colonel under Cromwell, and was wounded at the battle of Worcester; while the name of Henry Bradshaw, the father, stands first in the famous Cheshire petition presented to Parliament, May 6, 1646, praying for the establishment of Presbyterianism, and which bore no less than 12,578 signatures. The Hall contains numerous apartments, but none of

considerable size. Preserved in them are numerous articles of heavy domestic furniture, armour, tapestry, and pictures of ancient date, and one is said to have been occupied by Cromwell himself. The old oak carving, which is very handsome, is also preserved. What a contrast with these stirring associations the innumerable snowdrops that in early spring flood the slopes and woods by the river-side! Probably derived from the garden in the first instance, they now look wild as primroses.*

Keeping past the Hall, Chadkirk left far behind, we soon emerge from the park, through its ancient iron gates, into the Stockport road, and crossing this, by careful pursuance of lanes and fields, may before long make our way to Hazel-grove station. But not a district to be lightly passed over is this. Some of the most interesting and romantic little dells and cloughs anywhere about Manchester are here assembled, especially those called Dan-bank wood and Marple wood. Access to them is easy from Hazel-grove, and they have the great charm of being totally free from the smoky invasions of the manufacturer. By turning out of the road at Gnat-hole, a romantic walk may be found also, through glen, and wood, and by the rapid river, parallel with that one from Otterspool to Bredbury, but upon the Offerton side of the

* For the family particulars above given respecting Marple Hall, I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Charles Bellairs.

stream. The stony bed of the brook in the wood first entered yields fossil vegetable remains, and all the way are curious plants. The river at this part, and downwards from the point where it is entered by the Etherowe, namely, about two hundred yards below Compstall-bridge, a little distance above Marple Aqueduct, is by some writers incorrectly termed the Mersey; and the Ordnance Survey, misled by certain ignorant persons, has unfortunately given countenance to the error. The Mersey commences, not at the junction of the Etherowe with the Goyt, but where the Goyt is joined by the Tame; that is to say, a little below Portwood-bridge, in the north-western suburb of Stockport. The last-named river rises in Yorkshire, and, during its course of about ten miles, is the dividing-line between the contiguous parts of Cheshire and Lancashire, concluding its flow in Haughton-dale. It is the Goyt, accordingly, which we find at Marple, and which runs under Otterspool-bridge, and afterwards past Bredbury Hall and the beautiful opposite scenery of Wood-bank. The rush of water below Otterspool is sometimes very strong. At Stockport, however, the river is by no means what it was formerly. In 1745, when the bridge at Stockport was blown up in order to check the retreat of the Pretender, it is recorded to have run beneath the arches "with great fury."

If, after departure from Guide-bridge, we stop at Woodley, or make our way to that place from the

Parkwood station at Stockport, we are virtually at the foot of WERNETH LOWE, the highest of the Cheshire hills, and so closely associated with those of the adjoining county as to form a kind of appendix to them. It stands at the entrance to that odd piece of Cheshire which runs away from the remainder in a north-easterly direction, stretched forth, as an old topographer says, "like the wing of an eagle." This portion of the county, though in area only one-thirteenth, contains no less than a fourth of the population,—a fact quite easy to receive when we remember that it contains Hyde, Dukinfield, and half of Stockport. From the sides of Werneth Lowe is obtained a perfect idea of the whole of the surrounding country, indeed, of the whole neighbourhood of Manchester. It is like walking round the top of a watch-tower, so complete is the look-out in all directions. First, on reaching Lowe-top from Woodley, we have the plains of Cheshire and South Lancashire. Moving along the southerly side, by the foot of Sprinks wood, we see Lyme, Marple, and Disley. Leaving the road at Bernfield dingle, and passing Morten clough, we reach a beautiful part of the hill, commanding a view of the Etherowe and of the Ernocroft woods, the latter clothing the opposite slope of Derbyshire. By and by the grand scenery of Glossop and Charlesworth is unrolled; then come the high grounds of Mottram-in-Longdendale and Saddleworth, and on descending we find ourselves face to face with the distant

chimneys of Ashton and Oldham. The highest point of Werneth Lowe is 821 feet above the sea.

Once again to Disley, but this time *en route* to more distant places,—WHALEY-BRIDGE and TAXAL, both first rendered accessible to holiday-folks by the opening of the Buxton railway. Arrived at Whaley-Bridge, mountain slopes and all the pleasures these words imply, offer attractions on every hand. Two rambles there are, nevertheless, which claim pre-eminence in beauty and interest—the one past the sheet of water called "Todd-brook reservoir," the other *viâ* the road by which, on Sundays, people wend their quiet way to Taxal church.

For the first, we go under the railway embankment, and ascend the hill, leaving at the bottom the river Goyt, already made familiar by interviews at Marple, &c., and which is now on its way from near Buxton. Todd-brook reservoir is one of the storehouses of the Peak-forest canal. The main supply of water for that great liquid roadway is derived from the neighbourhood of Chapel-en-le-Frith; but here, as elsewhere, it is found prudent to maintain a surplus in case of drought. On the right of the reservoir, a little way up, are the Slater's-bank gritstone quarries,—very interesting to the young geologist as illustrating the nature of "unconformable strata." Here we may either enter a little wood, and descend from it to the water's edge, or the path by the latter may be taken at once. In any case, we soon reach

the head of the reservoir, which is found among trees, and steep and ivied cliffs. On the opposite side, near the weir, grows the oak-fern, *Polypo'dium Dryop'teris.* There is not much; therefore *leave it untouched.* To grub up roots for one's garden when found growing in asylums such as these, is mean and selfish. Though few species of British ferns are plentiful *everywhere*, there are few that are not extremely plentiful *somewhere*, and often not far off. Collect them, if need be, where nature delights in exuberance. In grasping and rapacity there is neither gracefulness nor science.

This principle needs so much the more urging now-a-days, from the fact of the much wider diffusion of incitements to the study of natural-history, and the offering of prizes by high-titled Associations for collections, which, if extensively prepared, would reduce many of our local floras to strings of epitaphs. Natural-history is the study of *living things*, not the preparation of mummies, and resting therein; and mere collecting, for the sake of pastime or possession, whether of plants, or insects, or shells, or birds' eggs, is no more natural-history than to buy books is to become wise. Hence, in its own efforts to promote Botany, the executive of the Manchester field-naturalists not only recommends diffusion and multiplying, but in the annual offer of certificates for the best collections made during the year, proposes to consider those the most meritorious which best illustrate common and popular plants, and the families of plants, and espe-

cially those which are accompanied by dissections of important organs; while those collections which bear no indication of exact study, or which contain an undue and unnecessary proportion of the species technically termed "rare," are rejected. Happily, near Manchester, there are none of the very "rare" plants, the uncommon ones being simply those gipsy-like species which have no certain abode anywhere, springing up as weeds and accompaniments of tillage, just as sea-gulls, blown out of their course by strong winds, have many times been seen at Whaley Range.

Crossing at the little weir, we next ascend through the plantation, and find a path that creeps along the side of the hill, half obscured by the flowery turf. On the opposite side of the defile is a grove of larches it is a treat to look at. Presently, at a little promontory, overlooking Kiss-field bridge and a white gate that marks the Whaley-Bridge and Taxal road, the path is lost, and here we turn back, upwards and leftwards, so as to reach the farm at the top. On a summer's evening, when the hills are delicately blue with distance, and the nearer ones are clothed with tender and changing lights, and the reservoir below seems a lake from the hand of nature, so wild and diversified are its borders, and the air seems to listen, for we are not now where birds abound—standing on this sweet hill-crest, we may fancy ourselves in Cumberland. The scenery has been compared even to that of Switzerland. An excellent

feature is it in our Lancashire and Cheshire reservoirs, that when in the country, like this one below, as a rule they simulate natural meres. Established as a receptacle by damming up the narrow outlet of some little valley through which a stream descends, the water, as it accumulates, is allowed, as far as practicable, to determine its own boundaries and fences. Hence, excepting the one inevitable straight line formed by the dam, the banks are winding and shore-like, and the water becomes a delightful element of the landscape. We should remember these things when disposed, as too often, to speak petulantly of injury done to the picturesque by the spade of the "navvy." Looked at fairly, as an Englishman prides himself on looking at things, and assuming truth and honesty until guilt is actually proved, there is quite as much ground for congratulation as for murmuring. No landscape is perfectly beautiful without water,—a river, or a mere, or the distant sea; and hundreds of landscapes have been made so by the introduction of such reservoirs as this at Whaley. So, too, in a hundred places, where, since the creation, there had been only a hollow filled with trees, we now have the most exquisite effects produced by arches for the conveyance of the train. Scenery that is impregnated with human enterprise and human skill will always take deepest hold of our admiration, simply because it is human. In our inmost heart we are best pleased when we see the traces of man's

power, just as at home that is most valued which affection has added to simple necessaries.

The return to Whaley is easy, and occupies not half the time consumed in going—first we move through the green lane into the Kettleshulme road; then along the basal margin of the reservoir. The whole of the walk will have been in Cheshire, the Goyt being here the boundary of the county.

The second of the two best Whaley rambles, or that to Taxal, is discovered by going a short distance along the Buxton road, and turning through a gate into the wood upon the right. Crossing the Goyt, and ascending the hill, we come to the unpretentious little church, and so proceed upwards. On the slope above, beneath the trees, are in August plenty of bilberries; and from the summit, through welcome openings among the branches, we get stupendous and imposing views. Many of the old trees are gray with lichens; and winding towards the Kettleshulme road, which again is the homeward track, if it be early autumn, the broken and precipitous woodland is made lovely by tender and shining hair-grasses and the blue campanula, while on the ledges the foxgloves lift up glorious spikes of crimson.

Half-a-dozen miles farther along this line is the station for Chapel-en-le-Frith, and again a trifle farther is Dove-holes station. Either of these is suitable as a point of

departure for CASTLETON, distant eight miles, or from Manchester, in all, twenty-five. Perhaps it is best to go by way of Chapel, and to return by Doveholes, the roads, though similar, presenting considerable change of scenery, and conveyances being more easily procurable at the former. An omnibus is said to meet every train; but when the party is large, vehicles must be ordered beforehand.

Soon after passing through Chapel, we come to the celebrated "Ebbing and Flowing Well," a pool into which the water runs by nine orifices from the hill at the back. The activity of the well depends upon the amount of rain shortly before; hence it is not a place that is ordinarily wished to be found otherwise than in repose. The road winds among grand hills—some would call them desolate, because utterly treeless, but the look-out is everywhere fine, and many pretty plants may be noticed by the wayside, as saxifrages, the lilac scabious, and the "melancholy thistle," with leaves that underneath are white as snow; while in June the sheep-trodden pastures, right and left, are dotted with the bright yellow of the mountain-pansy.

Till the journey is nearly completed, no object of special interest presents itself, and even Mam Tor, the sight of which announces the speedy close, has little of the romantic and kingly character with which fancy is apt to invest that noted mound. The apex rises to the height of 1350 feet above the sea, yet so great is the

elevation of the surrounding country that it seems quite inconsiderable. On account of the continual dribbling away upon one side, of the loose material of which it consists, Mam Tor is locally called the Shivering Mountain.

Opposite, a little way down the hill, is that ancient and famous mine which supplies the world with the violet-coloured spar familiarly called Blue-John, and by chemists, fluate-of-lime. It is extracted to the extent of ten or twelve tons every year, and in the rough is worth about £40 per ton. The Romans, who had military strongholds hereabouts, were acquainted with its beauty and adaptedness for ornamental purposes, and there can be little doubt that it was from this very spar that artists at home wrought the famous *vasæ murrhinæ*. The mine, entered by a flight of steps, is open to the inspection of visitors, and very interesting, having many sinuous passages and natural fissures, and containing beautiful stalactites and other crystals. To see it properly requires some time; it is better accordingly to make the visit special, and at present to go on to Castleton. Curling round the foot of Mam Tor, we come in view of Hope Dale, an oblong green basin, extending to a length of many miles, and dotted and lined, in every part, with the results of men's activity; a few minutes more, zig-zagging down the road, we are on the level, and again, after a few minutes, in the pretty little village itself, noted as one of the most interesting in Derbyshire, alike in its

antiquities and its rich supplies to the naturalist and the mineralogist.

The first speciality is the curious but much over-praised "Peak Cavern." The vestibule, however, is truly worth the journey. Enormous masses of rock rise perpendicularly upon either side, clothed sparingly with ferns, sycamores, and mountain-ash trees, that seem to grow out of the very stone. Birds of jet-black plumage fly in and out of holes as far above our heads as the minarets of a cathedral, and seem to know that they are secure from pillage. A stream rolls out from the darkness; sunshine scarcely reaches; and even the rain falls but scantily; yet, even down in this awful chasm, so beautifully does nature combine her extremes, in proper season may be heard the call of the cuckoo.

Presently we find ourselves under a vast natural archway, 120 feet wide at the entrance, and more than 40 feet in height, the roof gradually receding and descending, till, at the distance of about 100 feet from the threshold, we reach the opening into the actual cavern. So far all is good; and so far no one can penetrate unimpressed with the sense of grandeur. To push forward is quite another matter. With this grand vestibule and Cyclopean porch, we venture to say, Be satisfied. The cavern is not what many suppose, a subterranean hall or grotto, big as the Pantheon. Excepting that at some distance from the aperture there is considerable enlargement, it is nothing more than an immense internal crack in the hill, uncer-

tain and perilous to the feet, and wearisome to the eye, the only illumination being that from the tapers supplied to the visitors. Revealed for a moment by torch or rocket light, the gloom of the place, and the portentous altitude of one part, no doubt have a kind of sublimity; still there is nothing to *please*, unless it be pleasure to stand in a place that seems no part of our own world, and which can scarcely be entered without a feeling of dismay. The very doorway is a terror, recalling Dante and the inscription that is worse than death.

Yet there is a circumstance that perhaps counterpoises all the dreariness, and almost reconciles us to the adventurement of a second entrance. Such is the disposition of the natural stone-work of the porch, and of the perpendicular rocks that form the vestibule, that on emerging from the blackness, instead of gradually recovering broad day, and by and by once more beholding the heavens—that very instant there enters at once into the eye and the soul a fragment of sky, so soft, so sweet, so tenderly and radiantly azure, that to look on it is Life. It rises in the distance an arch of hope and promise: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing is it for the eyes to behold the sun."

The measurements of this singular cavern give an extreme length of 2300 feet, or 766 yards, and an extreme height, in the loftiest part, of 840 feet. To explore the whole, and to witness the effects produced by coloured fires, &c., requires nearly two hours.

Ascending the grassy height above the village on the western side, we reach the ruins of Peveril Castle, made familiar to the imagination by Sir Walter Scott. By some archæologists it is believed to have been a fortress and place of royal residence in the time of the Heptarchy. It is more likely to have been built, as tradition affirms, by William Peverel, son of the Conqueror. At the time of the Domesday Survey, A.D. 1081–1086, it is certain that the castle was held by William Peverel, and for three generations it continued in the possession of his family. At a later period it was occupied by the famous John o' Gaunt, second son of Edward III. Little now remains of the old fortress beyond the keep, and even this has been much defaced, through the removal of the well-smoothed outer stones for use in the erection of Castleton church. No new story, alas! Of the temples of ancient Saïs, a city that for 200 years was the seat of government in Egypt, not a vestige now remains. The great portico, with pillars shaped like trunks of palm-trees—the obelisks, the sphinxes, the sacred enclosure in which Isis was worshipped—all have disappeared, and the relics, such as remain, must be sought in the edifices of Alexandria So, too, the exquisitely-wrought columns of ancient Rome, broken, dislocated, and scattered over Italy, now form portions of buildings devoted to Christian worship. So in a hundred other places:—the men of Castleton did no more than had vexed art and antiquity for

over 2000 years before their time. It is worthy of remembrance that, up to the time of Pope Benedict XIV., or A.D. 1750, the Coliseum itself was in course of wilful dilapidation, and that to-day, instead of that mighty and wonderful monument of imperial power, that

"... noble wreck, in ruinous perfection,"

we should have had scarcely more than a skeleton, save for the blood of the Christian martyrs, which had crimsoned its deadly arena, and which obtained the consecration of the building.

The view from the base of the castle-walls is eminently picturesque, extending over the whole of Hope Dale, while at our feet lies the well-kept village. Moving to the left, we may look down into that same tremendous chasm which previously we trod as the vestibule to the cavern; while going to the back, an illusion that till then has been complete, is suddenly and startlingly dispelled. At a little distance, the castle seems built on the slope of the hill—in reality, it stands upon the edge of a hidden cleft in the rock, having a great natural fosse, and from behind is only accessible by a bridge. The walls and dry ground hereabouts supply the botanist with many interesting plants, as *Thalic'trum mi'nus*, and the scurvy-grass,—a singular habitat truly for a plant of the sea-shore, but furnishing another illustration of the lofty independence of Nature, wherein what men weakly deem anomalies and inconsistencies, are quite as abun-

dant as the regularities. Such things show that the popular notion of Law, founded, as it is, upon the observation simply of a few uniformities, and upon the exact recurrence of a few everyday phenomena, is blind and childish; and that the true idea of a law of nature is of an energy that institutes and enforces both the regular and the so-called irregular,—a government which expresses itself not only in sweet and constant repetitions, year by year, and day by day, true to the finest line; but which can at the same time cover and include occurrences the most dissonant in outward seeming. In laws, as in all that laws refer to, he who has seen only *one*, has seen *not any*.*

Scurvy-grass, so called from its medicinal efficacy, occurs, under one form or another, upon the coasts of nearly every part of the world, thus within reach of the sailor. It grows also by the mossy tricklings upon mountain-sides, as in Patterdale; here, at Peveril, it creeps out of dry limestone crevices, the veriest emblem of ubiquity and content. The plant may easily be distinguished, having broad leaves, about the size of a shilling, and clusters of little white flowers, formed of four petals, with stamens as in fig. 7, the blossoms succeeded by pods that are divided into two compartments by a silvery membrane. These are characters that mark the great family of plants called *Crucifers;*—plants devoid,

* *Vide* "Life; its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena," chap. xxi., (Ed. 2.)

without exception, of deleterious properties, and when succulent, often remarkable for their excellent and nutritious qualities. The general form of a cruciferous flower is shown in the drawing below, and in fig. 9 the mode in which the pods open.

FIG. 7.
Stamens of Cruciform flower.

FIG. 8.
Cruciform flower.

FIG. 9.
Seed-pods of Scurvy-grass.

Homewards from Castleton, those who can walk well should go by the "Winnots,"—literally, the wind-gates, —a steep pass among the hills, leading from near the village towards Mam Tor. The stern grandeur of the scenery will make the ascent memorable. The crags rise to a vast height upon either hand, and at some

points we seem absolutely shut in. The hugeness and the loneliness of the place, relieved only by a few sheep, powerfully call to mind the great passes among the lakes; once, however, it must have been comparatively cheerful, the road to Castleton having passed down the centre until about sixty years ago.

Everywhere hereabouts—in fact, throughout the day, after leaving Chapel-le-Frith—a remarkable negative feature is the rarity of water. Elsewhere, a pass like the Winnots would have had a splashing and plentiful stream, crowded with little cascades. Here all is dry, except where there is an inconsiderable ooze. It is further remarkable, that among these hills there is no heather; nor is there a single plant of bracken or of whortleberry. *Arena'ria verna*, as befits the proximity of lead-mines, is plentiful. Ordinarily, our native plants are very self-accommodating—they mingle, indifferent to the material about their roots, and make the sweet and many-coloured fantasy of meadow and hedge-bank. Some, on the other hand, more dainty, prefer lime, or chalk, or ferrugineous earth,—and then, as in the case of the Castleton *Arenaria*, a sort of vegetable inscription tells the chief constituent of the soil beneath. The *Arenaria* occurs plentifully also on the rocky ground about Peveril Castle, associated with the *A'rabis hirsu'ta*.

Passing both Chapel and Doveholes, we come to BUXTON, twenty-five miles from Manchester, and once

the El Dorado of local naturalists. Picturesque beauty and historical associations are here, as well as material for the student, and no one can spend a day better than in going over to Buxton and looking round. Hither several times came Mary Queen of Scots, and while Queen Elizabeth was sojourning at Kenilworth, Lord Burleigh and the Earl of Leicester.

The town is situated at the extremity of that mighty range of hills which commences in Scotland with the Cheviots, and gradually narrowing southwards, extends nearly through the middle of England, and has been well named the English Apennine. All the way from Manchester the scenery is characterised by the large outlines, massive boldness, moorland summits, and broad and basin-like valleys, which pertain to the rock of which they are composed, by geologists called "millstone-grit;" and though the grander features are, of course, only realised upon the higher grounds, such as were traversed by the old coach-road, plenty of evidence of their existence is still palpable even to the railway-traveller. On the other side of the town the limestone comes close up, giving its own peculiar features to the scenery, and supplying entirely different kinds of plants, as well as of fossils, and of insects and shells. The town itself lies in a hollow among the hills, which protect it from cold winds, at the same time that they give great landscape beauties to the neighbourhood. Yet the lowest part is no less than 896 feet above the level of

the sea. Two or three miles to the west the land rises in the well-known and commanding ridge called Axe Edge, to the height of over 2100 feet.

Plenty of exhilarating rambles may be found about Buxton. Burbage, Corbar-hill, and several other places, are well worth visiting, and on no account should be left untouched the lofty hill upon which stands the landmark called "Solomon's Temple," recollecting that at the top there is usually breeze enough to fill the sails of a navy. The best way to it is by the broad walk, or through the serpentine, then ascending through the wood; and the best way down, by the paths that range somewhat lower on the slope, and pass near the entrance to "Poole's Hole," one of the principal caverns of the Derbyshire limestone, and which, though inferior to the Peak Cavern and to the Blue-John mine at Castleton, is nevertheless deserving of exploration by those who are fond of such recesses.

The choice and deservedly-favourite walk is found almost at the entrance of the town, running in a line with the little river Wye, and forming the commencement of the Bakewell road. The Wye has its birthplace amid the peaty vegetation that covers the summit of Axe Edge. Numerous springs of water arise upon that swampy expanse, and in these are presently found the sources of four distinct rivers—two flowing towards the western sea, and two towards the eastern. The Dane moves off to Congleton, and eventually falls into the

Weaver; the Goyt we are already acquainted with; the Dove goes southwards through Dovedale, the old haunt of Izaac Walton, and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, when he resided at Woolton Hall, where a part of the "Confessions" was written; lastly, there is the Wye, which first creeping through Ashwood Dale, then bathing the foot of Chee Tor, and visiting Haddon, finally enters the Derwent, not far from Rowsley. What crowds of pleasing images rise up at the bare mention of the names!

"Diamond editions" of famous authors present all the ideas that in great libraries are embedded in folios; what, upon a great scale, St Vincent's Rocks and the Avon are at Clifton, the precipitous and wooded defile we have now entered is, in little, to Buxton; only that the latter loses itself among hills, whereas the former lead to the estuary of the Severn. Sadly has the Matlock railway interfered with the ancient aspect of the Dale;—the woods and cliffs on either side of the Avon have been subjected to a similar visitation:—never mind; in a few years, those sprightly fingers which trail ivy over the ruin, and spread moss upon the trunk of the aged tree, will no doubt repair the havoc; and where now there are uncouth heaps of tumbled stones, and "banks and braes" all torn and soiled, we shall have ferns, and flowers, and interlacing branches. Nature is never at a loss how to restore, only give her time. Those must be terrible wounds indeed which cannot be healed by the skilful old surgeon who carries the scythe.

About a mile along Ashwood Dale, upon the right, is a lateral cleft in the rocks, the upper end of which, in wet weather, gives opportunity for a beautiful waterfall. This little retreat is called "Sherbrook Dell," while the cliff at the entrance is known as the "Lover's Leap," from the same kind of legendary story that connects a similar name with many another such rock in romantic countries. Thirty centuries ago the white cliffs of old Leucadia saw Sappho leap from their brow for lack of the love of Phaon; and foolish men and women will doubtless do likewise to the end of time.

In dry weather, when no water tumbles into the gorge, Sherbrook Dell is the pleasantest way back to Buxton. Else, we must retrace our path. Either way, the number of plants seen on every hand is truly remarkable. Not far from the Lover's Leap grows the Greek-valerian, a plant found wild in only two or three other places in England; and mingling with the cistus and the clustered campanula may be seen the fronds of the limestone polypody and the bladder-fern.

Pursuing the road, as if bent upon reaching Bakewell, by and by we enter MILLERSDALE. Unless there be some special object in going by the coach-road, this lovely spot is best reached, however, by rebooking at the Buxton "Midland" offices, there being a station in the heart of the dale, and the run thither occupying only a few minutes. Here the great curiosity is CHEE TOR,—a mighty rock, deep-seated and broad enough to have

served as a foundation for the Tower of Babel. Concealed in the bosom of the hills, and still more deeply secluded by the windings of the wooded valley of the Wye, it rises, a stupendous mass of limestone, to the height of 300 feet, the front with a grand curvilinear outline of nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, jutting forth like a cliff by the sea, absolutely perpendicular, and uniformly gray and bare, except for a little ivy, and a few iron-like yews that are rooted in the crevices. The Wye, sweeping round and washing the base, divides it from a cliff of corresponding curve, but less precipitous, and clothed over its whole surface with half-pendulous shrubs and trees. The gorge formed by the opposing rocks possesses, in consequence, a character of peculiar and remarkable symmetry, yet by no means so exact as to give the idea of repetition of the parts. The water soon escapes from the chasm, then moves along the valley, and at Millersdale station we meet its lively current.

Thence to the Tor there are three ways of approach:—one by the high road on the opposite side, going as far as the mansion called Wormhill Hall, then descending past the cottages, by a rugged path which leads to the mouth of the gorge,—the longest, and if the weather be hot and dry, a rather tedious way;—the second is by the Buxton road, along which we proceed for about a quarter of a mile, then cross a couple of steep fields upon the right, descend through a little wood, cross the rails, and find our way to a foot-bridge over the river,—the best

way to *go*;—the third is by the river-side for the entire distance, the banks being accessible from immediately beneath the station,—this is the best way to *return*.

Because of its being bisected by the railway, No. 2 path is from time to time barricaded. But it gives prospects so enchanting, and the wild and sweet-scented air is so delicious, and the variety is so great, that to miss it is a pity. To adopt it, moreover, leaves level ground for the return, a shorter distance, and a lovely wood. It is always desirable to *finish well*. Not a little pleasure is it, again, to find upon this route a tall ash-tree, beneath which we may rest and refresh; and to be greeted by the white-crowned Opulus,* and by deep-red roses on every brier, and scarcely to see our way because of the incessant rise and fall of the ground. There is nothing like a little mystery to give charm to a country walk, which pleases the more that it is wayward. A beautiful tree is the ash. Commonly, too, it is unisexual. Hence it is that some individuals are decorated throughout the winter with curious clusters of brown fruits, while others are perfectly destitute. The ash is the only English forest-tree that has leaves of the kind called "pinnate," and at the same time growing *in pairs*. When leafless, it may be identified by its short, thick, and sooty-black

* *Viburnum Opulus*, the wild guelder-rose, that beautiful shrub which resembles the hydrangea in having a coronet of large flat flowers surrounding the central cluster of small and tubular ones. (See "British and Garden Botany," p. 515.)

buds; gray, brittle, and flattened twigs; and by the ends of the ultimate branchlets bending upwards. The flowers make their appearance towards the middle of April, at first resembling ripe blackberries: subsequently they form loose clusters of a blackish-green hue, and as the seed begins to set, the new foliage opens.

FIG. 10.—Leaf and Fruit of Ash-tree.

Arrived at the little foot-bridge, we cross the river and turn to the left. Bathing their feet upon the margin of the dimpled water grow forget-me-nots; on either side of the onward path the ground rises anew in pleasant slopes, the surface smooth and green, though occasionally ruffled by uncovered rock; strewed everywhere are the wrinkled cups of the golden cistus; and quaking-grass trembles, and wild thyme makes little

knolls of crimson, or trails in tiny flower-cataract from miniature cliffs;—if we go in June, the hills are dappled with the show of hawthorns; and whenever it may be, so that the sun shine, the stream glides calm and bright, circling in quiet pools, or quickening in ripples that seem to speak, and on its surface, and on the pebbles it keeps so clean, falls lace-work of leaf-shadows. Well may the angler leave its borders with reluctance.

The front of the Tor is reached by means of a path through the little wood on the opposite side, to which we find access by a gate. Close to this are the celebrated "Wormhill Springs," the water welling out of the ground just as happens in the streets of a city when some great conduit underneath has given way. Formerly these springs were once a year adorned with flowers, as the wells upon St Anne's Mount at Buxton are at present every summer, though at Wormhill it was less elaborately. For "well-dressing" did not, as many suppose, begin at Buxton, nor yet at Tissington, though at the latter village it has been practised from time immemorial. Very much has been made of it at Buxton, of recent years, in acknowledgment of the liberality of the late Duke of Devonshire, in constructing fountains, and establishing a regular water-supply for the town. As a usage, it dates, nevertheless, from the remotest antiquity. A memorial of that most ancient reverence for springs and rivers which caused many to be consecrated, the first intent had reference to the idea of pure water

being symbolical of truth. Thus was it in harmony with the symbolical adoration of fire and of the heavenly bodies, and with that other elegant practice of doing honour on festal occasions to grand old trees that gave shelter, and to generous ones that yielded fruit, by hanging garlands and chaplets upon their branches.* Water, in every age, has been the emblem and representative of truth, thus of virtue, and of everything lovely that truth originates and implies, (as so often manifested in the figurative language of Scripture;) and the acknowledgment of this is fitly rendered by decoration with wreaths of flowers. Fountains and clear streams, are they not, in truth, nature's own emblems of the ever freshly running and limpid flow that pours forth from souls rich in the wisdom of intellect, and in the warmth of noble affections? There are plenty of references to the practice in question in classic literature. Milton, in "Comus," represents the people as thus honouring their river-goddess, the good and beautiful Sabrina:—

> "—— The shepherds at their festivals
> Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays;
> And throw sweet garland-wreaths into her stream,
> Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."

Two thousand years ago there were in Italy festivals called Fontinalia, when chaplets were thrown into rivers. The "myrtles" still "rejoice" upon the "shores," but

* See, upon these usages, the Appendix to Evelyn's "Silva," book iv., concerning the sacred groves, &c.; and respecting river-worship, Bryant's "Mythology," i. 192. (Ed. 2, 1775.)

the festivals are no more. England is in every way the refuge of the homeless; and it is pleasant to think that this beautiful usage of primeval times shelters in our own country, and will not be "willingly let die."

At Buxton, the annual "well-dressing" takes place on the Thursday nearest the 24th of June. Arches of evergreens and flags are erected in the streets; the pillars of the colonnade are twined with ferns and other plants, and surmounted with flags and festoons; while the wells themselves are decorated in a manner quite peculiar. The architectural stone-work above them is nearly covered with wooden panels, which are encrusted with tenacious clay. Upon this, the brightest flowers that can be procured—the blossoms only—are artistically arranged in living mosaic, some of the panels being ornamented with fanciful, but always pretty devices, while others bear floral inscriptions, such as "Come ye to the waters;" "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye hither." Daisies, especially double-red ones, buttercups, pansies, rhododendrons, pæonies, &c., supply the positive colours; lichens and mosses are used for the more delicate tints, and the deeper shades are given by fir-cones and fir-foliage. Fountains contrived for the occasion, little fir-trees planted temporarily, and bands of music, further enliven the scene, which only needs sunshine to be one of the prettiest spectacles of the summer. The Tissington mode of celebrating the festival is rather different, and preserves the sacred charac-

ter of the ancient Fontinalia. Ascension-day is the one usually set apart for it, the inhabitants keeping holiday, and exchanging all kind courtesies and hospitalities. The wells that lie in different parts of the hamlet, to the number of five, are ornamented with arches, pilasters, and festoons,—the former covered with arabesque of flowers, mingled with evergreen and other foliage, and inlaid with appropriate Scripture texts. In the forenoon there is a service at the church, after which the clergyman, wearing his surplice, and attended by the choir, who chant as they go along, and by the entire congregation, leads the way to the nearest well, where the people form a circle, and hear a psalm read; after this a hymn is sung: and the procession moves to the second well, where the ceremony is renewed, and so on till the entire series has been visited. When all is over, the Baronet's Hall is liberally opened for the public enjoyment.

The phenomenon set forth in the Wormhill Springs is in Derbyshire by no means an uncommon one; streams in several places suddenly lose themselves in the ground, bursting out again some distance away, after the manner of the Spanish Guadalquiver.* Locally, the places where the water disappears are called "Water-Swallows." If we will but read it, there is a sweet lesson in them. Often and often, while treading Life's anxious paths, we feel as if we were forgotten and for-

* See, for interesting details respecting these rivers, Garner's "Natural History of Staffordshire," p. 21.

saken, left to our troubles and despair—yea, even thrust out of the light. But these Derbyshire waters, do they not teach us it is *not* so? We have but to keep up a good heart, believe in the ultimate goodness of all Divine designs, go on working, doing our duty, "in honour preferring one another," and by and by the bright water will reappear, and we shall be able to dip in our little cups, drink of it, and be renewed. Hope on; hope ever! Every lost river reappears, and nothing that is worth having in life is ever taken away for more than the time it is well for us to be without it.

So to translate nature, if we will use it aright, is enjoined upon us by the Great Interpreter. Nature holds openhanded all the treasures, not only of order and beauty, but of intelligence; and though the first time we look upon her lovely and strange phenomena, it must needs be in simple surprise and admiration, by and by, when the excitement of wonder has passed away, and we listen, she is ready to bestow a sweeter wisdom. Physical phenomena, taken as such and nothing besides, are the least part of true science, which consists not in the accumulation of knowledge of shapes of things, but in the extraction of their Significance. It is in the quality of significance that the consummate glory of Nature will abide for ever. God has given no lovelier privilege to the human soul than that which, like alchemy, turning dull earth to gold, finds—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

From the Tor back to Millersdale station may be taken the river-side. Soon after passing the little foot-bridge, we find that we are concealed beneath cliffs and trees. Every step of the way there is something grateful to be heard or seen, and the walk is over while we are still lost in sweet astonishment.

From Millersdale station to Bakewell it is seven miles farther, and from Millersdale to Matlock, fifteen miles;—from Manchester to the latter place, say forty-six in all. At Bakewell we leave the line for CHATSWORTH, or at Hassop, one mile before coming to Bakewell, we may do so quite as advantageously. From either place the walk to Chatsworth is most delightful, and may be accomplished in less than an hour. The splendours of that far-famed place, its noble park and princely conservatories, its fountains and glorious galleries of art, crowded with the "marble progeny of the imagination," here cannot be descanted on. The work has been efficiently done by others,* and no more is needed now than to indicate how easy is the approach. The same as regards Haddon Hall, with its inexpressibly-interesting associations and adjuncts, the distance to which place from Bakewell is even less than to Chatsworth. Monsalldale, threaded by the Wye after leaving Millersdale, is also a charming locality, requiring, like the former, an entire day for the exploration.

* As in Mr Croston's excellent work, "On Foot through the Peak." (1862.)

MID-CHESHIRE.

I.—*Viâ* STRETFORD.

CHESHIRE, in its allurements, is almost equal to Derbyshire, but they are of a totally different kind. In this beautiful and fertile county, after leaving the eastern margin, there is nothing that can be called a mountain —it is the region of trees and sheets of water. Here we may stroll beneath green vaults of foliage, and be reminded of the aisles of cathedrals. Here may we contemplate the *viridis senectus* of glorious old oaks, that have watched the flow of generations; and find many a sylvan solitude, where, upon aged trunks, slantwise bent, and fissured, tender mosses throw out their golden-tinged and furry sprays, that seem a resurrection of the frost-embroidery of the window-panes. Here, in autumn, we learn from a thousand old foresters—from beech, and chesnut, and elm—that brave men, though overtaken by

inclemencies there is no withstanding, still put a good face upon their fallen fortunes, and, like Cæsar, die royally;—and at Christmas, when the wind seems to mourn amid the denuded boughs, here again we feel how grand is the contrasted life of the great, green, shining, scarlet-beaded hollies that in summer we took no note of. Cheshire, in a word, though destitute of waterfalls, and, comparatively speaking, flat, is in its trees second to few counties, and there is not a county in England that possesses so many meres. Between Chester and Macclesfield on the west and east, and between Bowdon and Wrenbury on the north and south, an area of forty by twenty-five miles in length and breadth, there are thirty-six sheets of water, sufficiently spacious and important to be marked in the maps, and of these no less than twenty are in noblemen's and gentlemen's parks,* the latter provided also with noble mansions, ancient or modern, and often both. Add to the meres innumerable sequestered lanes, where honeysuckle and wild-roses make airy garlands; vall'ombrosas, wherein grow the goldilocks† and the pencilled wood-vetch;

* The largest of the Cheshire meres are Combermere, 132 acres; Rostherne, 115 acres; Marbury, near Northwich, nearly 80 acres; Tatton, 79 acres; Crewe, 62 acres. Bolesworth, Oakmere, Barmere, Pickmere, Rode, Reedsmere, Doddington, &c., are also very considerable. Formerly there were several others, but they have been drained. Such was "Ridley pool," noticed by Leland in his "Itinerary" as one of the most extensive. (Vol. v., p. 76. Ed. 1711. *Chetham Library.*)

† The *Ranunculus auricomus.*

broad acres, covered in August with auburn cereals; and meadows, again innumerable, threaded with those pleasant old brown lines of footpath that are Englishmen's solace,—and Cheshire is before us, as if concentrated in a mirror. Except in the portions which come in immediate contact with Lancashire, the county contains few buildings devoted to manufactures; no tall chimneys lift their straight lines against the horizon, nor are the waters stained by home-made refuse from print and dye-works. Hence, for rural excursionists, Cheshire offers peculiar advantages, and Manchester need not envy any town in England.

The railway nerves that run into Cheshire from the great ganglionic centre of commerce in cotton, on the one hand, connect Manchester with Bowdon and Lymm, Warrington and Knutsford, and their spacious districts; —on the other, with Alderley, Wrenbury, Macclesfield, and the surrounding parts. At the entrance to the former neighbourhood stands Dunham Park, rich in lovely corridors and vistas; the latter commence with Norcliffe and Prestbury; and almost coincident with these proximate places, touching one after the other, or nearly so, is the river Bollin, which, rising in the high grounds at the foot of Shuttlings Lowe, runs through Macclesfield to Wilmslow, thence to Cotterill and Ashley, and at last, after a course of nearly twenty miles, becomes an affluent of the Mersey, entering that noted stream not far from Lymm.

The lower part of the BOLLIN VALLEY is one of the most delightful spots near Manchester. Easily reached, green, flowery, and retired, no one need sigh for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," who will make his way thither on a spring or summer day. Nowhere near Manchester does the season commence so early as upon the sheltered and sunward declivities that extend along the Bollin bank, almost from Ashley to Castle Mill; nor is there any spot within the compass of an afternoon's ramble that tells more inspiringly on the imagination. This comes not more of the ever-changing and softly-tinted views, the diversified paths, and the plentiful trees, than of the tranquillity and seclusion we always find in this beautiful valley,—the only one so near Manchester where nature lives in unmolested originality. Unless in the Isle of Wight, there is no locality in Great Britain where primroses are given more lavishly than about Cotterill.

There are several modes of approach. The best is from Peel-causeway station, on the Knutsford railway line, near the foot of Sandy Lane, whence we proceed along the road about half a mile, when a broad path strikes over the fields, at an acute angle. The field-path leads into a lane, which must be crossed a few yards above, so as to pass close in front of a white cottage, where there are bee-hives. We then find ourselves upon a green and refreshing hill, Bowdon lying behind. Crossing a deep ravine, we emerge into another lane,

and turning down this, to the right, presently come to a cottage, with a path *immediately behind it.* This leads over the fields, Alderley Edge a few miles in front, and Cloud-end rising grandly upon the horizon; so to Robinson's farm, and down a steep rough lane upon the right, into Butts clough. Ascending from the clough, a hundred yards' walk along a green-floored lane brings us to Warburton's farm. This passed, we bear to the right, and in ten minutes more dip into the valley. Castle Mill lies about a mile and a half farther up the river, which at this part of its course is remarkable for the depth of its channel, and the rapidity of the flow of the water. After passing it, if we choose to go so far, we are abreast of COTTERILL WOOD, and hence, by lanes, may get to Wilmslow. Being rather a long way, it is best, however, to return to Bowdon, which may be done by turning into the fields on the left hand, close to Warburton's, and so, by a lovely walk, to Bank Hall, and its seventeen yew-trees.

To the angler, this part of the Bollin is interesting as a reputed residence of the "graining," *Leucis'cus Lancastrien'sis*, a fish supposed to be peculiar to the north of England and to some of the Swiss lakes. It is nearly allied to the dace, but differs in several important particulars. Grave doubts exist, however, as to the identity of the fish, and it is a point which local icthyologists would do well to investigate. The "graining" is also said to be found in the tributaries of the Mersey, near

Warrington and Knowsley. The fish that would seem to have been generally taken for it near Manchester is the true dace, that which is called "dace" being in reality the "roach." The trout found in the Bollin are the fattest and best-flavoured in Cheshire; for although discoloured, the water is not rendered unwholesome. Thirty-two have been taken hereabouts in the course of a few hours, and no doubt there are plenty quite as good still to be caught. The streamlet which enters the Bollin at Cotterill likewise abounds with trout, and they may be taken as low down as Warburton. Trout are remarkably energetic fish. At Ashley-weir they may be observed, when the water is high enough, striving, three or four at a time, to leap up the falls, and, if the stream be somewhat flooded, they often succeed.

The Bollin valley was probably often visited in youth by the celebrated Thomas Assheton Smith, the most conspicuous and accomplished sportsman, as well as the first horseman, of modern times. Ashley Hall was the family-seat of the Asshetons, his immediate ancestors, and the estate only passed from his possession in 1846, when it was sold to Mr Wilbraham Egerton, father of the present Baron Egerton, of Tatton Park. A fine old place is this, with its environment of tall trees, rookery, and ancient garden, containing, among other curiosities, the quince. Historically, also, it is very interesting. Here, in 1715, when the Chevalier, Charles Edward Stuart, raised his standard, met the

chief of the Cheshire gentry, to debate the propriety of espousing his cause. "The decision was in the negative, by the casting-vote of the owner of the mansion; and owing to the influence in Cheshire and Lancashire of the gentlemen who formed the party, this decision is thought by some to have been the main cause of the defeat of the enterprise." Tradition says that among the eleven was the head of the Daniels of Dukinfield Hall, between Mobberley and Knutsford, (now a farm-house,) who, quarrelling with his brother-in-law, Captain Ratcliffe, went out with him into a neighbouring field, where the captain was slain. The field in which the fight took place is near the "Bleeding Wolf," and to this day is called the "Bloody." A century before, says the same authority, (tradition,) in the same parlour had assembled the Cheshire squirearchy, to consider whether they should support Charles I. or the Parliament. After a long and angry debate, the decision was in favour of the king.

For Lymm, we diverge from the Bowdon line at Timperley, bearing away to the right, and going thus far towards Liverpool. The neighbourhood ranks with the prettiest in Cheshire, and supplies, on every hand, agreeable walks, though visitors ordinarily content themselves with the dell above the village, and the pathway by the water, reached by mounting the steps therefrom, and crossing the road. This beautiful *quasi*-lake is not

like almost every other piece of water found in Cheshire, a nature-made mere, but owes its origin, like the Todd-brook reservoir at Whaley, to the damming-up of a little river. Formerly a brook along the bottom, the Dane now fills an immense basin formed by the rising grounds on either side, and which suddenly narrows at the extremity next the village. The turnpike-road passes over the embankment, and the latter having been planted with trees, we scarcely suspect at first that the water is an artificial one. At one end the embankment is traversed interiorly by an aqueduct for the overflow, the latter descending into the pretty and tree-crowded dell along which the river still moves intact. As a rule, the mossy stone-work of the waterfall is little more than splashed, but after heavy rain, when the "dam," as it is locally called, is well supplied, the white tumble, coming down in great sheaves and waving veils, is really fine. The uppermost portion of the dam is embosomed in trees, and with most of the contiguous ground is not accessible to the public, except by the courtesy of the proprietor. Permission to enter is generally obtainable, and then we are able to reach one of the chief curiosities of the place—the dropping and "petrifying" cave. This singular recess has been formed in the course of ages by the gradual undermining of the steep bank of a field by a little stream that parts it from another field, also with a steep bank; the water running into what is now the "dam." The bank that once

sloped *away* from the stream, now slopes *over* it, so that the bed of the latter is actually beneath the field that it separates from the opposing one. The ceiling of the cave is composed of moss, which the incessant percolation of water from the field above causes to hang down in vegetable ringlets, at the same time that it slowly charges every portion with earthy particles, inducing thereby an odd and unexpected semi-solidity. By degree, the lumps of moss become so thoroughly incrusted in every part with earthy matter, that their weight breaks them off, and they fall to the ground. In hard winters, the "cave" is changed into a grotto of icicles.

The plants found in and about the "dam" are numerous and very interesting. In July, the water-persicaria, *Polyg'onum amphib'ium*, strews the surface with pretty islands of green and pink; wild cherry-trees are abundant, and in high summer we find the great lilac valerian. Innumerable little blossoms, of a delicate rosy-peach colour, are produced upon the summit of the principal stem and at the extremities of the branches, and, as usual with so bright and tender a corolla, we expect to find a calyx below. But while the plant is in blossom, the calyx remains rolled up inwards, resembling a coil of wire, and not until the fruit is ripe does it expand. Then it spreads into a circlet of ten or twelve feathery rays, and we seem to have the fly-away seeds of a composite plant, instead of a plant otherwise totally different. When the banks of the "dam" are exposed

below the usual level of the water, owing to drought, the collector of shells may find abundance of those of the fresh-water mussel, *Anodon'ta cyg'nea.* They are mostly about three inches in length, inside of the pearly and iridescent lustre that we admire so much in sea-shells, and externally of a dark olive-green. Many, however, are more or less injured, the swans being epicureans.

To avoid returning to Lymm village by the same path, another may be found by going completely past the "dam," and turning to the right, across the fields, when we re-enter the high road by "Cherry-lane."

A capital walk from the station, and of entirely different character, is found by *crossing* the rails and descending to the bank of the Mersey, which here is broad and deep, then keeping along its course for about a quarter of a mile, or till we reach a lane which turns off upon the left. In the first field entered after leaving the lane that leads from the station, grows the *Œnan'the croca'ta;* we may also find the flowers of weld, if, instead of turning off upon the left, when we come to the second lane, we pursue it for a while, keeping close to the river. The bend of the river at this part, where it embraces "Rixton Leys," not being used for traffic, (which all goes by the canal,) is the private property of numerous birds, and formerly was a noted place for sport. Another peninsula, some two miles farther down, is so quiet, that the shyest birds are comfortable; the defiling

of the water some miles farther *up* the stream, and consequent destruction of the fish, has of late years, however, considerably thinned their numbers. Entering the second lane at the point above indicated, and leaving the river behind, we presently see two great ponds, called "Statham pools;" the lane, which passes between them, branching to the right just as the water comes in view. Following this lateral lane for two or three hundred yards, we arrive at a white cottage upon the left, having its gable next to the road, and a gate exactly opposite, which shows the way into the broad and beautifully-wooded champaign that stretches all the way from Statham to Thelwall. The fields composing it are annually overflowed by the river, which, on retiring, at once fertilises them copiously, and deposits abundance of seeds that have been floated from other places. They produce, in consequence, like all other alluvial lands, an enormous quantity of vegetation, and a considerable diversity of species. In the numerous watercourses which intersect them, may be found almost every aquatic and amphibious plant of the lower Mersey valley; and it is curious to observe how many are diffused over the general surface that on higher grounds are confined to swamps and the borders of streams. Chief among the latter is the marsh-marigold, *Cal'tha palus'tris*, which in its season makes the grass seem auriferous. No corn or sown or planted crop is seen here; everywhere it is either meadow or pasture. By and by we arrive at a

bridge formed of three great flat square stones, and carrying us over a watercourse that bears to the right. In a few minutes more we enter a lane, and now are at THELWALL—recognised by a group of dilapidated buildings, which are the ruins of the once important Thelwall Powder-mills ;—

> As desolate a spot as sorrow could desire ;
> For nodding to the fall
> Is each crumbling wall,
> And the roof is scathed with fire.

The manufacture of gunpowder, which had been carried on at these mills for a century or more, was discontinued only about 1855, when a final explosion reduced the place to its present state of wreck.

Thelwall village, a little farther down the river, was founded by King Edward the elder, about the year 923, and was once a kind of port, the stream having formerly been much wider here. Tradition says that the Danes sailed up it, and formed a camp at Mickley-hill, a mound situated near the point where the Bollin enters, and now covered with fir-trees. Direct and continuous navigation is no longer possible, owing to a weir close to the powder-mills ; but a canal crosses one of the river-peninsulas that occur so frequently in this part of the course of the Mersey, and keeps the passage virtually open.

Leaving the ruins, and bearing to the left, close to a neatly clipped hawthorn hedge, and then pursuing our

way along the lane, we shortly come to two little bridges. That in front leads to the Lymm and Warrington road; the other into the lane that comes out near Bassbank bridge, each of them supplying a way back to Lymm, and the distance which it completes, from first to last, being little more than three miles. In the hedges by the wayside, the wild hop may be seen in September, trailing its elegant foliage and flowers over the thorns, and,

FIG. 11.—Wild Hop, (*Hu'mulus Lu'pulus.*)

as elsewhere about Lymm, attaining a high state of luxuriance. The stamen-bearing flowers are produced in light and feathery bunches; those that contain the pistils grow on different individuals, and, in the cultivated plant, are the rudimentary hop-cones that, when ripe and fallen to pieces, are used by the brewer.

Geologists have an attraction at Lymm in the quarries a little way above the church, and distant from the station about two miles, for here, every now and then, are uncovered the footprints of the extinct reptile originally called *Cheirothe'rium*, and now *Labyrin'thodon.* Just as certain plants often indicate the soil beneath—witness the *Arenaria* at Castleton—so, wherever the underlying rock of a country comes to the surface, do the cottages, and most of the houses,—built as they are, and as a matter of course, of the material that lies nearest to hand. At Lymm this is the uppermost member of the great system of sea-deposits called by the elder geologists the "New Red Sandstone," but the upper layers of which, having been found to differ in certain important particulars from the lower ones, are now distinguished by the name of the "Trias." England was not always the "tight little island" that it is *now.* Where Cheshire now exists, and over all those contiguous portions of the country which possess for their uppermost crust of subjacent rock the same description of sandstone as that of Lymm, long, long ago, twice every day came in the tide, just as we see it breaking at half high-water over the mud-flats near the embouchures of certain great rivers. Then it was that these wonderful foot-marks were impressed, and the mode is no less palpable than the fact.

At low-water the mud-flats were traversed by these ugly reptiles—how many, no one can tell, probably a

considerable number; the yielding sand received the transcript of their paws, just as we may see the sands at Southport printed by the feet of sea-birds; the tracks became covered up by successive deposits of sand—the level of the sea in time became lower—the entire mass of mud-flat became consolidated and elevated—and now, along with hardened ripple-marks, such as we may observe at Southport every day, they are found as faithfully preserved as if left only an hour before. In Lymm churchyard, one of the tombstones contains a Labyrinthodon footprint; and at Bowdon there is a garden-wall into which have been built a great number of similar slabs.

FIG. 12.—Probable form of the Labyrinthodon.

From such remains of the animal as have been discovered, it would appear to have resembled a frog in general figure, though in size comparable with a calf. Professor Owen has theoretically reconstructed it as shown above.

The "Trias" consists itself of distinct members, three

in number, whence the name. But only the topmost and lowermost exist in England. The lowest is called by the Germans "Bunter Sandstein," that is to say, "variegated;" the middle one they call "Muschelkalk;" and the uppermost, developed in Cheshire, is the German "Keuper," or copper sandstone, so denominated because in Germany largely impregnated with copper pyrites. These names have been adopted by English geologists, because descriptive of the condition of things in a region where the Trias is most perfectly exhibited. In geology, as in other sciences, names are founded on the best examples. Cheshire is considered to furnish the best example that we possess in this country of the Trias. The total thickness is reckoned by Mr Ormerod to be at least 1700 feet, of which about 700, beginning from the top, are composed of saliferous marls; then come 400 of a laminated kind, called "water-stones," while the remainder is believed to correspond with the German "Bunter Sandstein."* Strata of the last named are frequent about Manchester, and it is from these that the stone used for most of our older public buildings was chiefly excavated—that of the cathedral, for example. Ordinarily they are concealed by drift layers of clay and sand.

The celebrated Storeton quarries, four miles south of Birkenhead, those also at Weston-point, contain footprints of the Labyrinthodon, with others left by tortoises,

* *Quarterly Journal of Geology*, vol. iv.

crocodiles, and lizards. Prints no doubt occur also in many other parts of the neighbouring country, though the flatness of the surface prevents their being readily discovered. It is necessary, of course, that portions of the rock should be removed, as in the case of the Lymm and Storeton quarries. The usual length of the footmarks is six or eight inches, and the usual breadth four or five inches, with an interval between each pair of impressions of about fourteen inches. The true impression is of course that one which is *sunk* in the sandstone; the duplicate found in relief, and often exhibited as the footprint, being the cast made by the settling into it of the next deposit of the tenacious mud. At Storeton such was the consistency of the mud when the Labyrinthodons walked upon it, that not only are the impressions of the feet preserved, but those of the extremities of the toes! How wonderful that ages after the creatures have dropped out of being, and their very bones are difficult to meet with, their ancient presence here should be certified by a thing apparently so insignificant as the footsteps! Yet it is evidence, as Dr Buckland long ago remarked, with which mankind is gratified and contented in every condition of society, and in every kind of inquiry. "The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has left on the scene of his depredations. The American savage not only identifies the elk and the bison by the mark of their hoofs, but ascertains the time that has elapsed since the animal has passed. From the camel's track upon

the sand the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, and whether it was lame." * Storeton is specially interesting in the history of geology, as being the place where attention was first attracted to the ripple-marked and rain-impressed sandstones that were sea-shores in primeval ages. Quite a new light was thrown upon remote antiquity by the observation of their singular records, which showed that sunshine, the clouds, and the ocean operated, just as they do now, at periods incalculably distant.

The appellations of the animal that walked about where Lymm now stands, signify respectively, "the beast with a hand," on account of the remarkable resemblance of the footprints to the figure of a large hand with a thick woollen glove upon it; and "the creature with teeth of labyrinthine structure." Complain not, ye idlers, of the "hard names" given by botanists to plants. They are equalled by those of geology and every other science, and if they really be so hard, try then to learn the *English* names. This will show that the complaint is not a mere excuse for indifference to *both*.

The village of Lymm is of considerable antiquity, being, like Thelwall, of Saxon foundation. Near the centre are the remains of an ancient cross, the lower steps of which are cut out of the solid rock; and close by, upon an eminence, is Lymm Hall, an ancient building of stone,

* Bridgewater Treatise, i. 262.

surrounded by the remains of a moat, as very commonly happens with the old family halls and mansions in this part of Cheshire, and also in the adjacent portions of Lancashire. Sometimes the moat is still full of water, as at Rixton, just across the river, and at Peel Hall, near Cheadle; more frequently it is dry, and then not uncommonly contains apple-trees, as at Arden.

Moving a few miles from Lymm, in different directions, there is much to see that is very interesting. Oughtrington Hall, and Agden Hall, in the direction of Dunham; High Legh, with its ancient and beautiful little church, covered with ivy; and HILL CLIFF, (reached from Latchford station, the next but one beyond Lymm,) are all places of note. The last named may be approached perhaps more easily from Warrington, or *viâ* Patricroft, on the London and North-western line. It forms a lofty hill, commanding highly picturesque views of land and water, both salt and fresh, such as are obtained also from another celebrated elevation near Runcorn, on which are the remains of Halton Castle. Warrington is one of the oldest towns of the district. It was a station of the Romans, and named *Veritanum*, from two Celtic words, signifying the "town of the ford or ferry," the Mersey having been fordable at a spot which gives name to the present village of Latchford. From the Warrington press was issued the first newspaper published in Lancashire; it was also the first town in the country from which a stage-coach was started. On the Manchester side of

Lymm is Warburton, with its ancient and threefold church, and Methuseloid yews,—as old probably as those in the Bowdon graveyard,—which are no doubt contemporary with the oldest part of the church, say, in all likelihood, of 800 years' growth!

Returning to the Bowdon line, we may now pay a visit to far-famed and often-described ROSTHERNE. Although the distance is somewhat shortened by going to the Ashley station on the Knutsford line, the old route by Bowdon vicarage remains the best, that is to say, for pedestrians. The carriage-road is of course unchanged, skirting Dunham Park, and descending the hill by what was once Newbridge-hollow, notorious in connexion with the name of Turpin. The vicarage is soon discovered, lying close to Mr Neild's model farm, on the way to the "Ashley meadows" and "Ashley Mill." Going behind it, through a little plantation, we proceed by many curves and angles, yet without material perplexity, into the lane which looks down upon the eastern extremity of the mere. No field-path in our country is more tempting. The views on either side, charming at all seasons, are peculiarly so in spring, when the trees are pouring their new green leaves into the sunshine, and the rising grass and mingled wild-flowers flood the ground with living brightness; in the meadow, just before coming to the foot-bridge over the Bollin, are countless specimens of the helmet-orchis, and beyond these is

a fine willow of the kind called *Salix fragilis*, bearing *stamen*-catkins,—near Manchester a great rarity. Later in the season the lane yields wild strawberries. The mere itself is probably a relic of the great lake which, there is good reason to believe, once extended the whole distance from Alderley to High Legh, and perhaps farther, and of which Tatton mere, Tabley mere, Mere mere, and the other lakes of this part of Cheshire, may be similar remains. It owes its name to the very ancient consecration of the eminence upon which the church now stands,—"Rostherne," or, as in the time of the Saxons, "Rodestorne," signifying the "lake (or tarn) of the Holy Cross." An earnest and simple piety, such as prevailed eight centuries ago, might well select Rostherne for such a purpose, if the impression left by its lovely scenery upon cultivated and amiable minds to-day, be in anywise the reflex of what was given to our forefathers.

The depth of the water is immense. On the southern margin, a short distance to the west of the summer-house, it is seventeen feet, and about a third of the distance across from this point, the depth is over a hundred feet. The English Channel at the Straits of Dover is not more than 156 feet deep where the lead sinks lowest, and between that point and the Eddystone Light-house it never exceeds 300 feet, so that our lovely Cheshire lake may well assert its claim to be considered of almost maritime profundity. The area of the surface

is 115 statute acres; the extreme length is 1250 yards, and the extreme breadth 695 yards.

A bit of romance clings also to Rostherne. There is a legend that the mere was once connected with the Irish Sea by a subterranean channel, the entrance to which was somewhere near the mouth of the Mersey. Up this channel, on summer evenings, (or, as some say, on the morning of every Easter Sunday, in connexion with another legend about the church-bells,) there used to come, in days gone by, a mermaid, beautiful as Thetis herself, and whose lips,

"Uttering harmonious and dulcet breath,"

were the charm and fascination of the neighbourhood during her visits. But for many years her song has not been heard, and it is feared that she has gone the way of the fairies, or else that the corrupted water of the river disagrees with her. Modern science unweaves the rainbow, and contends that "natural selection," rather than the blood of Apollo's playmate, gave us the purple hyacinth and its lettered petals; and plain Manchester prose suggests that the Rostherne mermaid was only some ordinary though musical damsel of the village, who knew more of milking than of the waves of the sea, and possessed the usual number of feminine limbs.

The tower of the present church, as appears by an inscription upon the outside, was erected A.D. 1533. Inside, near the chancel, are some greatly-admired monu-

ments—one in particular, to a daughter of the Egerton family, the Lady Charlotte Lucy Beatrice Egerton, who died in 1845, at the early age of twenty-one. The graveyard, surrounded by old trees, and looking down upon the water, also contains much that makes us pause—*little* graves as well as large ones.

"You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge;—
In other springs our life may be
In banner'd bloom unfurl'd;
But never, never match our wee
White rose of all the world."

From Rostherne we may either return along the lane into the high Chester road, by which vehicles proceed hither; or go—and far better—by *another* lane, to Bucklow-hill, about a mile and a half farther. A capital house of refreshment is to be found there—said to be on the site of an *hospitium* so ancient that Julius Cæsar might have supped in it; and testing it, we make our way back to Bowdon stronger and satisfied. No good work, either of mind or body, is to be accomplished except on a sound physical basis, in the shape of lunch, or dinner, or tea,—and in these, our country rambles, though it may not be reiterated, is always to be carried the idea of a snug inn or cottage-parlour, as one of the prime elements in the enjoyment of them.

Bucklow-hill is the proximate point of departure for

the beautiful gardens and grounds of TATTON PARK, the seat of Lord Egerton, who liberally throws them open to the public on certain days during the summer. The park is upwards of ten miles in circumference, and contains 2135 acres, 400 of which are occupied by woods and plantations, while 79 are water. Close by, likewise, is MERE HALL, the ancient seat of the Brookes, with its fine park and grand old trees, (in one of which rabbits take shelter,) and the magnificent sheet of water that repeats its own name, being called *Mere mere.*

MOBBERLEY station, like that of Ashley, is on the "Cheshire Midland" line — that is to say, the iron avenue which begins at Altrincham, and for the present terminates at Northwich. The first sod was cut by Sir Henry Mainwaring, in December 1860. So pleasing is the country right and left, the soil is so dry, and the air so salubrious, that in a few years, probably, its borders will be studded with handsome residences, or at least near the stopping-places. Long known only by name to the people of Manchester, Mobberley village, (one of the most ancient in Cheshire,) and the pleasant neighbourhood, can now be reached with ease.

The shortest is not always the most satisfying path, and such is the case with the approach to Mobberley. Better than to make direct for the village, is it to go only a few yards in the straight line from the station, and then to turn to the right, beneath an oak, an ash, and

a couple of horse-chesnuts, and curl round by a thatched farmhouse called Baguley-green. The lane, which descends rapidly, is cool, pleasant, and excellent for botanising; the rough banks on either hand give support to untrimmed hedges, while at their feet are runnels of water hidden by vegetable aquatics and amphibia.

Next appears Mobberley-brook, a lively little stream, which commences in two or three springs near Chorley and Lindow. After crossing the railway line, it unites with Ashley-brook; the combined waters then go into partnership with the Birkin, and eventually they are received by the Bollin, at a point not far distant from Newbridge-hollow. Let not the "day of small things" be despised. This is one of the little streams that in the great concourse called the Mersey does honour at last to the British Tyre. Drayton notices it in the "Poly-olbion:"

> "From hence he getteth Goyte down from her Peakish spring;
> And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring."*

A little way beyond the bridge, on the left-hand bank,

* Song the Eleventh, p. 171. The full title of this famous old poem, first published in 1622, is, "A Chorographical Description of all the Tracts, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, and other Parts of this Renowned Isle of Great Britain; with intermixture of the most Remarkable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Commodities of the Same." Opposite page 171 is a map of Cheshire, showing the rivers, out of every one of which, (as in the other county maps,) rises a sort of tutelary nymph, in design droll beyond imagination. (*Vide* the copy in the Chetham Library.)

grows abundance of wild thyme, scarcely known anywhere else within the limits of the Manchester Flora. Passing this, at Caldwell's farm we enter the fields, and on emerging from them, at the distance of half a mile, proceed along Town-lane and Damstead-lane, and so into the village. Town-lane Hall, close by, has the odd reputation of having been struck by lightning three or four times. Here we again place our feet upon the turf, face to face with Mobberley church, the square stone tower of which rises beautifully above the trees, upon the brow of a park-like slope, a charming subject alike for artist and photographer. The view from this point includes Alderley and the hills beyond, and is the most picturesque in Mobberley. Approaching the church, there is abundance to give pleasure. Limes girdle it with agreeable shade; next the chancel stands the accustomed and here stately and undilapidated old yew; and to complete the *beau idéal* of the country churchyard, quaint epitaphs are not wanting.

Opposite the lych-gate,* by the side of the road, stands an ash-tree of rare and singular elegance, the long, slim pendulous branches being self-woven into a cupola of green tresses. A little beyond it are some of the tallest elms to be seen near Manchester,—common things, no doubt, but admirable of their kind, and to be looked

* The covered entrance where, at the time of a funeral, the bearers rest the coffin, Anglo-Saxon *lic*, German *leiche*, signifying "corpse."

upon with thankful satisfaction, since it is by the contemplation of the simple and "common," in no degree less than by that of the rare and distant, that the mind itself grows in power and altitude.

These elms are not of the kind so frequent in the neighbourhood of Manchester under the name of the wych elm, a "weeping" variety of which is seen almost everywhere in gardens. They are the "small-leaved" or London elm, with ourselves a comparatively scarce tree, though the predominant kind in the south, where the wych elm is the exception instead of the rule.

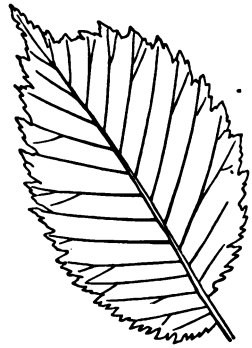


FIG. 13.
Leaf of Elm-tree.

FIG. 14.
Clustered fruits of Elm-tree.

Whatever the sort, elms are at once recognised by their curious leaves, the blade coming down lower upon one side than upon the other, and upon the right-hand side or the left, according to the position of the leaf upon the branch. This is somewhat similar to the structure

found in the lime, (p. 6,) but in the lime the two curves of the base spring from the same point. Early in spring the leafless twigs of every tree are loaded with little clusters of flowers that make them seem knotted; and in May these are followed by flat green fruits, as represented in fig. 14. Mobberley possesses also some fine old examples of the true British "Black Poplar," a noble tree, with spreading boughs, and quite a different thing from the unsightly tree commonly so called, and of which there are so many hundreds about Cheadle and Withington. For poplars are not merely the spire-form trees popularly understood by the name. "Poplar," like "lily," is a generic name, denoting a race of branchy forest-trees, the flowers of which are produced in catkins of separate sexes, and developed upon separate individuals, like those of willows, while the scales that protect the stamens are remarkably ragged along the margin. The fruit, again, indicates affinity with the willows, consisting of numerous elegant little pods, strung together like a bunch of red currants, every pod bursting vertically from the apex downwards, and discharging abundance of cottony fleece, the component tufts of which should be wings to as many distinct seeds. The seeds, however, are seldom perfected, owing to the long distances apart at which the stamen and pistil-bearing trees usually occur. There are not many species, but most of them vary a good deal in aspect, producing what are technically called "varieties." Hence the unpleasing

form above alluded to, as commonly mistaken for the true British Black Poplar, its true appellation being the

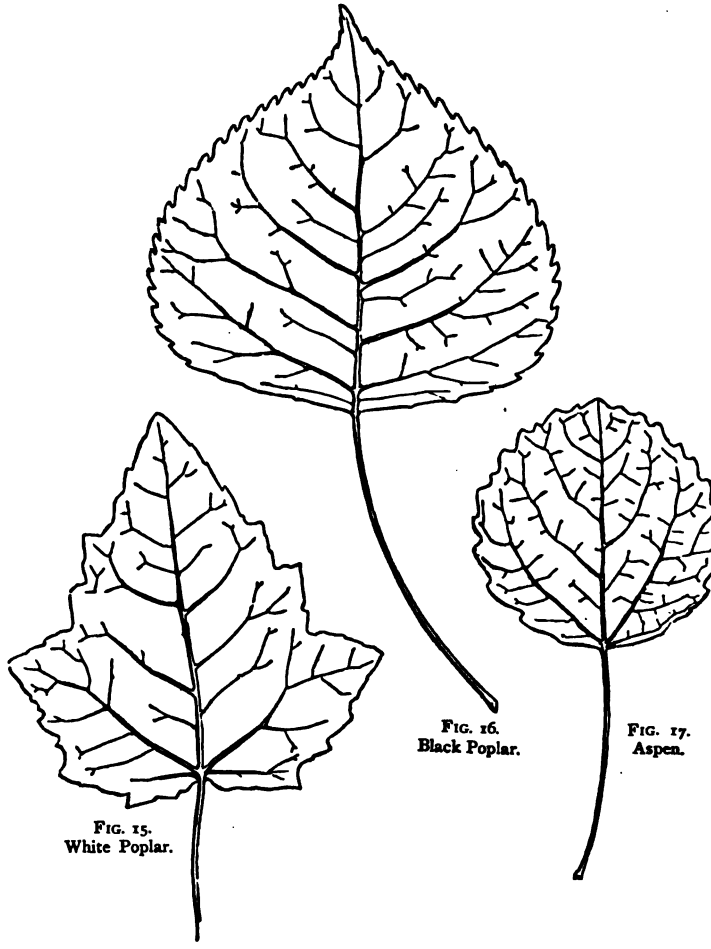


FIG. 15.
White Poplar.

FIG. 16.
Black Poplar.

FIG. 17.
Aspen.

"Italian black." Like the last named, the common spire-like tree (by planters distinguished as the "Lombardy") is only a variety of the old English Black Poplar, as may be seen at once by comparing the leaves. In its well-known outline and unsociable habit —for Lombardy poplars never interlace their branches as other trees do—it is simply remarkable, without being specifically distinct. Five kinds of poplars are to be seen accordingly about Manchester—the Black, with its two varieties; the White; and the Aspen; and of these the true Black is the uncommon one. In gardens and plantations there is also the American or Balsam poplar.

Another route to Mobberley village is through the fields entered by a white gate upon the left, close to the station-yard. Going this way, we cross a brook at a point where the water has made a deep cleft in some shaly rocks, among which may be seen plenty of ripple-marked stones. These shale-rocks are probably seams in the Keuper marls, and a portion of the same beds that form the picturesque escarpments on the banks of the Bollin, known in the neighbourhood as "plaster-hills," from the circumstance of the material they consist of having formerly been used for barn and cheese-room floors, one of its properties being to harden into a solid mass.*

At Mobberley, in the beginning of the reign of King John, or about A.D. 1206, there was a small Augustine Priory. It had, however, but a brief existence.

* Mr Robert Holland, Mobberley.

Three miles beyond Mobberley is KNUTSFORD, that celebrated and interesting little town which the late Mrs Gaskell is believed to have alluded to in her description of "Cranford," and which has been made the subject, by the Rev. Henry Green, of the best of our local histories.* Here, on the 18th October 1832, stayed the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent, while on their way from Chester to Chatsworth, and it was then that the "George and Dragon" was converted into the "Royal George." Knutsford is important, also, as the seat of a great gaol, and is thence considered, by some, the "capital" of North Cheshire. Of the usages of the old town, one, at least, is unique. On the occasion of specially-interesting weddings, every householder works upon the ground in front of his house a pretty device or motto in coloured sands, so that the streets and roadways are one continuous arabesque. Really beautiful was the wreathing-over of the ground with red and yellow, blue and white, on that sunny forenoon, March 10, 1863, when the fairest daughter of the "Flora Danica" became the bride of the Prince of Wales,—and the more remarkable from having all been executed before breakfast-time.

* Knutsford: its Traditions and History; with Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Notices of the Neighbourhood. By Henry Green, A.M. 1859. Pp. 156. Perhaps I ought to say the best of the local *Cheshire* histories,—that of Droylsden, by Mr John Higson, being admirable of its kind.

Many pleasant walks lie at the command of the Knutsford people. The most interesting in the immediate neighbourhood is through the fields to the site of the old church—a place of considerable interest to local antiquaries. Mr Green's work contains many allusions to it, and probably all the particulars that have been preserved. How early was the date of the original building may be judged from the fact of the tower having been rebuilt in the time of Henry VIII. In 1548 it had a peal of bells, and in 1741 the steeple fell to the ground, apparently from old age and decay. The square structure which now stands in the graveyard marks the ancient burial-place of the Leghs of Norbury Booths, who were the patrons of the old chapelry. Three haggard and ghostly relics of what once were noble yew-trees speak for the antiquity of the foundation.

The view from this spot is wide, for although situated in the middle of a level district, Knutsford stands upon an elevated plateau. Alderley Edge, with the hills beyond, Rivington Pike, Shuttlings Lowe, Cloud-end, and many other distant objects, are conspicuous, while near at hand are Bowdon tower and Dunham spire.

Continuing through the fields, Booth Hall, now the residence of James Carlton, Esq., is seen upon the right, and among the trees that form Spring-wood, Booth mere. Descending the slope, we come to a stream, formed by the junction of Marthal brook and another watercourse, the former constituting the boundary of

the wood. On the margin of the brook grow the red currant, seemingly wild, the great white cardamine, and many other interesting plants, mostly in great abundance, while the interior of the wood is at this part a natural botanic garden. The mere in the centre contains the *Ranun'culus Lingua* and that singular aquatic, the *Stratio'tes.* The limit of the walk in this direction is the farm by the entrance to Spring-wood, commonly known as "Anson House."

Toft Hall, with its stately avenue of elms, in triple rows, one mile south of Knutsford; Over-Peover Hall, about three miles south; and TABLEY, about a mile to the west,—all with noble grounds and parks, are very interesting places; especially the last named, not so much, however, in its modern, as in its ancient hall, built on an island in the upper portion of the mere, about A.D. 1380. Here resided the celebrated Sir Peter Leycester, noted for his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and author of the great work on the antiquities of Cheshire, from which all subsequent writers have derived their information. Only a remnant of the hall now exists. Being covered with ivy, it presents, however, a most picturesque appearance. Inside are preserved numerous ancient implements of war, with much old furniture. There is also a large bay-window, bearing the Leycester pedigree in coloured glass.

At and near NORTHWICH, (the present terminus of

the "Cheshire Midland,") are the famous Cheshire salt-crystal mines, occasionally opened to the inspection of visitors, and then illuminated. The opportunity so afforded should not be missed by any one fond of great natural curiosities. For although the excavations are the result of man's labour, the material of the mine is such as cannot be seen anywhere else in the country. The principal mine, the oldest and most extensive, is that called the "Old Marston," on account of its connexion with the village of that name, distant about two miles. For more than a hundred years has the crystal been extracted from it, and the area now covered by the works is calculated to be thirty statute acres, or about the same as that of Peel Park! The depth of the shaft for descending is about 114 yards, and narrow enough it seems, at the entrance, when scores of visitors are all anxious to be first into the "tub." Once at the bottom, it is a very different thing, for then there is room for the entire population of Manchester. The roof of the mine, near the shaft, is fifteen feet above the floor, and supported by eight colossal pillars of the crystal, every pillar thirty yards long by ten in breadth. Elsewhere the supporting pillars are about ten yards square, and twenty-five yards apart, and by means of them, the mine, which is one vast subterranean hall, is divided into a number of chambers, called "drifts" or "runs,"—not exactly like streets, though apparently so, seeing that the separation is effected solely by the pillars, and that there is no con-

tinuity of wall. When the "drifts" are lighted up, as on gala days, by the 2500 or 3000 candles that are requisite for so vast an expanse, though the glimmering is in some degree like that of lamps seen through a fog, the spectacle is truly beautiful and picturesque, and a peculiar arrangement being given to the candles, the perspective effect of the long vistas of dots of light is made perfect. As soon as the eye becomes accustomed to the comparative darkness, the scene down in this great vault becomes very effective and pleasing: the mine seems a city, deserted by the inhabitants in the dead of night, while its lamps were all burning, yet there are so many signs of life that the impression is never otherwise than cheerful. When the company is considerable in number, and gets distributed into parties, and every individual is provided with a spare candle, fitted to the end of a stick or a lump of crystal, and promenading begins, the forms and figures being lost in the distance, it seems as if all the *ignes fatui* that have ever danced above the swamps of earth's surface were here living retired, and either enjoying a sort of underground heaven, or doing penance for leading travellers astray.

The salt must not be supposed to be of the kind, or rather in the form, that we see it subsequently upon the dinner-table, being crystalline, or ice-like. The crystal is mostly in the form of vertical prisms, and varies considerably in purity, some being perfectly translucent, while other portions are discoloured, and resemble brown

sugar-candy. Large quantities of brine are obtained also from between the rocks and clay above, and this being pumped out, is evaporated, and converted, as the crystal is in due course, into salt as understood by the consumer. Percolating through the rocks, wherever pierced for shafts, the brine forms salt-stalactites of considerable size and beauty, while articles allowed to lie in the pools below in time become encrusted, after the manner of "alum baskets." When large parties are invited, it is customary to entertain them with music, trumpets, explosions, the magic lanthorn, &c., the effects of all of which are as curious as they are novel. Thirty miners, one horse, and a single line of rails, with lateral tramways, were in 1861 sufficient for the whole work of the mine. With the aid of blasting powder, 200 tons of crystal are extracted every week.

These priceless deposits are embedded in strata of rock belonging to the "Keuper" portion of the Trias. They lie below the valley of the Weaver, and form two distinct beds, an upper and a lower. Reckoning from the surface of the ground, first there come 120 feet of coloured marl, then come 75 feet of salt-crystal, then another 30 feet of coloured marl, and then comes the second bed of crystal, believed to be a hundred feet in thickness. When the deeper deposit was discovered, the excavation of the upper one was discontinued. The area covered is irregularly oval, and about a mile and a half in length, by three quarters of a mile in breadth, and

lies north-east by south-west. The discovery of the salt was made, it is said, by accident, during a search for coal, in or about the year 1670. In consequence of the drainage of the brine, and occasional giving way of the roofs of the mines, there are many curious examples of the sinking of the ground above. Houses lean to one side, and deep cavities are formed in fields.

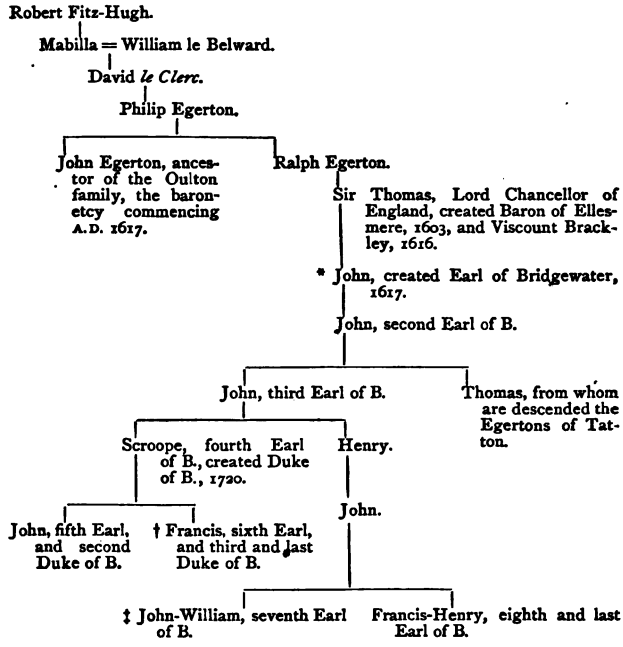
In the neighbourhood of Northwich, as about Knutsford, there are many handsome seats and parks, the latter generally containing a mere. Especially is this the case with Marbury, Pickmere, and Arley. W. Harrison Ainsworth, son of that fine-spirited old Manchester solicitor, who was mainly instrumental in the development of Market Street into its present form, has given interest to that one at Marston by making it the scene of his tale of "Mervyn Clitheroe." Between the two first named, on an elevated knoll, stand the interesting village and church of Great Budworth. Delamere Forest lies to the south, and a ride of eight miles through its pine-woods brings us to OULTON, the beautiful seat of Sir Philip de Malpas Grey-Egerton. Here again is a sheet of water of considerable extent, with charming park, gardens, and plantations, the latter holding some of the noblest trees in Cheshire, and one of the finest and most remarkable lime-trees in the world. So admirably are the grounds laid out, that in making the circuit we never see the same portion twice, and at every turn appear to be visiting a new district.

On the ground-floor of the hall is a very valuable museum of fossils.

Sir Philip Egerton represents the eldest branch of that very ancient and celebrated Cheshire lineage, which, dating back to the reign of Henry I., has in the flow of time had its name ennobled alike by virtue, wit, and valour, and which, in one of its younger branches, included the famous but now extinct ducal family of Bridgewater, and in another younger branch is represented by the existing Egertons of Tatton. In the time of Henry I., the head of the powerful barony of Malpas was Robert Fitz-Hugh. He had a daughter named Mabilla, who in due time became his heiress, and afterwards the wife of one William le Belward, to whom she brought the property. From this marriage proceeded David, surnamed *le Clerc.* David, in turn, had a son named Philip, who, fixing his residence in the township of Egerton, three and a half miles east of Malpas, (temp. Edw. I.,) took therefrom, according to the custom of the time, the honoured surname we have before us, and commenced the Egertons properly so called. A different reading of the earliest part of the genealogy says that David le Clerc was son of Ralph, baron of Malpas, by Beatrix, daughter or sister of Hugh Kevelioc, fifth Earl Palatine of Chester. It does not much matter, Philip being the first who actually bore the name. The direct line of descent from Philip Egerton terminated in two ladies, (temp. Edw. II.;) the succes-

sion was preserved, however, in the person of their uncle Urian, and after a few more generations, we again have a gentleman called Philip, by whom were left a son John and a son Ralph. From John, the eldest, descended the Egertons of Oulton Park, and from Ralph came the junior branches above alluded to.

Arranged pedigree-wise, the names stand as follow:—


Robert Fitz-Hugh.
Mabilla = William le Belward.
David *le Clerc*.
Philip Egerton.
John Egerton, ancestor of the Oulton family, the baronetcy commencing A.D. 1617.
Ralph Egerton.
Sir Thomas, Lord Chancellor of England, created Baron of Ellesmere, 1603, and Viscount Brackley, 1616.
* John, created Earl of Bridgewater, 1617.
John, second Earl of B.
John, third Earl of B.
Thomas, from whom are descended the Egertons of Tatton.
Scroope, fourth Earl of B., created Duke of B., 1720.
Henry.
John.
John, fifth Earl, and second Duke of B.
† Francis, sixth Earl, and third and last Duke of B.
‡ John-William, seventh Earl of B.
Francis-Henry, eighth and last Earl of B.

John, second Baron of Ellesmere, (marked * in the above pedigree,) was in 1617, as there shown, created

Earl of Bridgewater—an honour followed in 1633 by his appointment to the office of Lord President of Wales. Interesting as this might be to the family, in connexion with these our summer rambles the matter may seem at first sight of little moment. But through this noble name of ELLESMERE—always delightful to every man of taste and culture—the associations of our district are linked not only with the fine arts and the literature of the present century, but with one of the most finished and consummately beautiful poems that ever flowed from human pen; and whatever is implied in the idea of poetry as an oracle of wisdom and truth, and a perennial abiding-place of eloquence and loveliness, that also is implied in the true idea of nature, and in what we go forth to seek in the fields and woods,—which latter is not so much to be entertainment as inspiration of heart and soul, and enlarged capacity to enter into and receive its inestimable sweet lessons, as bees suck honey from flowers; for poetry and summer rambles, rightly used and understood, are almost synonymes, and that which speaks of the one breathes inevitably of the other. The poem alluded to is the immortal "Comus" of John Milton, with which the world would probably not have been enriched save for the circumstance of the appointment in question. In 1634 the Earl resided at Ludlow Castle. One evening, his son Lord Brackley, another son, and his daughter, the lady Alice Egerton, threading the "perplexed paths" of an adjacent forest called

Haywood, like many another trio when enjoying sylvan mazes, were benighted, and for a short time the lady was lost. In due course all were happily reassembled; and, upon arrival at the castle, the adventure was related to the Earl, at whose suggestion it would seem, or certainly at the request of his friend Lawes, (who resided in the castle, and taught music to the young people,) Milton composed these matchless verses. Lawes soon set the songs to music, and on Michaelmas night the piece was acted, the two brothers and the lady Alice taking part in the representation. Of the names of those who sustained the characters of the enchanter, and of Sabrina, the river goddess, there does not appear to be any exact record; whatever their histrionic strength or weakness, the incomparable beauty of the language would no doubt rectify all. The lady Alice afterwards became wife of the Earl of Carbery, at whose seat in Caermarthenshire Jeremy Taylor sheltered during the Protectorate. Dying in the prime of her lovely life, the good old doctor preached that well-known and inimitable sermon, which will remain for all time a model of perfect portraiture of Christian character.

Francis, the third Duke of Bridgewater, (marked † in the pedigree,) was the celebrated nobleman whose name, in conjunction with that of Brindley, is the nucleus of the history of inland navigation, and lives specially in that of the Bridgewater Canal. He was never married, and dying without issue, March 8, 1803, the title of

Duke of Bridgewater became extinct. The earldom, however, was preserved by transfer of the title to John-William, cousin of the deceased Duke, who became thereby seventh Earl of Bridgewater, and in the pedigree is marked ‡. Dying without children, the title passed to his brother Francis-Henry; and with the death of the last named, who was also childless, the earldom, now in its eighth generation, expired likewise, and the house of Bridgewater ended. This amiable and eccentric patrician it was who in his will bequeathed £8000 for the production and publication of the esteemed volumes called the Bridgewater Treatises.

Francis, the third or "great" Duke of Bridgewater, amassed, as is well known, prodigious wealth. He devised most of his houses and pictures to his nephew, George Granville, Duke of Sutherland, with reversion to Francis, the Duke of Sutherland's second son. The latter, entering on the possession of the property in 1833, assumed the surname and arms of Egerton, and in 1846 was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere. The accomplishments of this eminent nobleman need no further remark here, especially as they will be adverted to when we come to speak of Worsley. Suffice it to say, that the name of Egerton received from them its crowning distinction. Departing this life in 1857, he was succeeded in the earldom by his son, George Granville Francis, whose premature death, in September 1862, is fresh in the recollection of South Lancashire.

The armorial bearings of the Egertons, like those of the Leghs of Lyme, are at once very interesting and very intelligible. Originally they were "*argent*, three phæons *sable*,"—that is to say, upon a shield faced with silver were depicted three iron spear-heads, arranged in a triangle, two above the third, and with the points directed downwards. So they remained till the time of Richard II., when, on account of the great value of Urian Egerton's services in the wars waged with Scotland, the red lion of the latter country was superadded, and placed in the centre, as an "honourable augmentation." From the end of the fourteenth century, the family has carried, accordingly, "*argent*, a lion rampant *gules*, between three phæons *sable*."

Malpas derives additional interest from the fact of the rectory having been the scene, on April 21, 1783, of the birth of the pious and truly eminent Bishop Heber. Grateful as are the associations given to it by the proud name of Egerton, there is something quite as pleasing in those supplied in the memory of the Christian missionary and noble scholar.

MID-CHESHIRE.

II.—*Viâ* STOCKPORT.

THE "London and North-Western" lines through Cheshire pass across a portion of the county quite as pleasing as that reached by way of Bowdon. Here, however, we are beset by undulations of surface, which sometimes, as at Alderley, and especially towards Macclesfield, become striking and eminently picturesque.

The first point for an excursionist, beginning, that is, with the old main line to London, is Handforth, whence, by a pleasant walk of less than two miles across the fields, we reach NORCLIFFE, the residence of R. H. Greg, Esq., who, under certain regulations and restrictions, liberally allows the public to visit the very beautiful grounds and woods. These grounds differ from everything else of the kind near Manchester in being

enriched with a collection of trees which, so far as our immediate neighbourhood is concerned, stands quite alone. The oak and the silver birch, the lime, the sycamore, the chesnut, and the stately beech, chequer with their shadows the sward of most of the parks that lie within a circuit of twenty miles. There are pine-trees also, and Araucarias, in probably every one of them, but it is only here at Norcliffe that, while the former kinds are not absent, the coniferæ form a grand and characteristic feature. Of trees of the pine, fir, and cedar kind, there have been brought together, at this charming place, upwards of forty different species and varieties, many of them represented by very numerous examples; and the greater portion having been planted for more than thirty years, their fine and symmetrical forms, and peculiar habits of foliage, are developed in most cases excellently. The most curious are the *Deodara*, like a vegetable fountain, and the Chili Pine, *Araucaria imbrica'ta*, the branches of which look like scaly serpents; and the most interesting, perhaps, the Black Spruce, *Abies nigra*,—a splendid specimen (at Quarry Bank) thirty feet high, with many pinnacles,—the deciduous Cypress or *Taxo'dium*, and the *Wellingto'nia*, that in its native country attains an age exceeding that of the Pyramids. There is no taller Deodara in the district than one of the specimens to be seen here; there is also a handsome Norway Spruce, *Abies excelsa*, sixty feet high, and with the top covered with cones,

which the squirrels are glad of, and strip away by the spring. Under this tree, on August 20, 1859, there were plenty of the beautiful *Aga'ricus proce'rus*, a fungus fashioned like a parasol, and the white convex delicately flecked with brown scales. Probably it occurs there every year, though fungi are always uncertain. Strange that some of the most elegant forms of the most fugitive of all vegetable productions should be found associated, as a rule, with some of the most elegant of those that live longest. For here, too, beneath the Conifers, occurs

FIG. 18.
Agaricus muscarius.

not only the *procerus*,but that gorgeous plant, the *Aga'ricus musca'rius*, which sustains on an ivory pillar a scarlet crown, dotted with cream-coloured enamel.

Not alone for its Conifers is Norcliffe celebrated

Here, mingled with gay azaleas, are the most splendid rhododendrons that will endure the open air; and early in June, when they are at the acme of their purple beauty, truly there is no spectacle more ravishing. Everything else is in keeping. Laid out in 1830, under the immediate directions of Mr Greg, no grounds in the neighbourhood have attained greater perfection; and the noble-spirited proprietor may well feel his interest in them not only unabated, but increasing daily. It is probably the most romantic place of the kind near Manchester, and certainly there can be none more perennially green and cheerful. Almost as on the banks of old Clitumnus,

"Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas!"

The walk through the sylvan part of the grounds brings many beautiful wild-flowers into view. Here, in the month of May, are to be found the wood-millet, *Mil'ium effu'sum*, the prettiest, after the Briza, of the English grasses, and exceedingly abundant; plenty also of the prim little woodruff, holding up handfuls of snow-white crosses, and, when dry, smelling like a hay-field; with great banks of the golden dead-nettle, and in the open spaces, among the springing grass, the beautiful blue pagodas of the bugle, *Ajuga reptans*. The river at the foot of the hill is the Bollin; and it may interest some to learn that the stone of which Mobberley church is built, was got from the cliff that rises upon the opposite margin at Quarry Bank.

Norcliffe may be approached also from Wilmslow, the next station beyond, chiefly through pleasant lanes; and on the whole, perhaps more agreeably than from Handforth, the path from which place is much trodden. In June, the hedgerows are ornamented with roses and honeysuckle; the germander-speedwell decks the banks with innumerable spots of rich blue; and the mouse-ear hawkweed, that so loves the sunshine, opens hundreds of its pretty lemon-tinted patines.

Wilmslow offers the pleasantest means of access, and in this case the readiest also, to LINDOW COMMON,—that broad and celebrated tract of moorland which reaches as far as Chorley, and from time immemorial has been famed for its bracing air. Formerly it was of much greater extent. Cultivation on the margins, step by step, every year advancing a little farther, like besiegers with their "parallels" before a fortress, has now covered with valuable crops many acres that were previously unprofitable. Almost all the interesting bog and moorland plants of our neighbourhood are found upon it, in one part or another. Three species of heath—the cranberry, the Andromeda, and the Lancashire-asphodel—grow here abundantly; and wherever the ground is wet, as upon Carrington-moss, Rixton-moss, and in all similar places, there are myriads of *Droseras*, commonly called "fly-catchers" and "sundews." No plants in nature are more remarkable for their beauty or their vital economy. The leaves are covered and bordered with strong red

hairs, the tips of which exude drops of transparent gum; in this are entangled midges and other little creatures of tender wing, as birds are caught by bird-lime;—the latter soon get dried to death by the sun, and from the gaseous products of their decaying corpses the plant appears to derive a portion of its nourishment. So that in a certain sense the Droseras are vegetable carnivora.

The best time for a visit to Lindow is the middle of July, provided the weather be fine and dry for a week or two previously. After much rain, it is like a sponge just dipped in water, and is fit only for web-footed creatures; while the hollows, where peat has been dug, become pits of coffee-coloured pulp. At any time, after leaving the solid borders, it is necessary to be careful where the foot is placed, as though generally speaking safe, the common is in some parts boggy and treacherous. Granting the previous week propitious, the heaths and the asphodels are then loaded with flowers; the leaves of the sundews are covered with their sparkling drops, and the snow-white tassels of the cotton-grass, though dishevelled, are still abundant, looking, in the distance, like pearly satin, but, alas! when most desired, generally safe in the midst of a swamp. Insects, too, are there,—the "Rose-moth," *Hyria Aurora'ria*, the "Beautiful underwing," *Anar'ta Myrtil'li*, and many more, but the larger ones seldom so plentiful as the smaller.

It is at the same period that, wherever draining has

been going on, the approaches to the Common show their enormous powers of productiveness. This is marked even more strongly on the Chorley side of Lindow, reached by way of Alderley, Brook-lane, and the row of twenty-nine lime-trees. The confines of a partially-reclaimed peat-bog always present a greater variety of life, and a richer luxuriance, than is done either by the bog itself or the adjacent fields; just as the salt space that lies between high-water mark and low is richer in natural-history than either the sandhills or the open sea; and much the same as that grand territory which lies just beyond the confines of the actually Known, and yet is allowed by Providence to be viewed by the imagination, is inlaid the most richly with material to allure us onwards.

About the year 1780, Lindow was burnt like a prairie. The summer was hot and dry, and great quantities of peat cut for fuel lay piled, as at present, in different parts. One of these piles was accidentally ignited, and the flame catching the heath, which at that period was tall and dense, the conflagration spread for the space of a mile, destroying not only all the peat, but every morsel of vegetation on half the common. Remaining from the time when the peat was formed, in the trenches cut for draining are found branches of birch-trees, still retaining, as at Carrington, their silvery bark, though the interior is brown and earthlike; not uncommonly, also, the labourers exhume great masses of fir-tree bark.

Going along the western margin of Lindow, then through various lanes, and past "Dooley's farm," we reach that portion of the Bollin valley which lies between Norcliffe and Cotterill—a bit of the country remarkably interesting to naturalists, and that yields to none in picturesque beauty. The best part of it is that near "Hanging-banks wood," the ground being there much undulated and broken, and the Bollin winding amid declivities; while right and left are glens and hol-

FIG. 19.
Jungerman'nia tomentel'la.

lows, that shelter ferns, and from which rise the tallest trees. All the meadow-plants of the Bollin valley grow here, and mostly in profusion, primroses and orchises

innumerable, the meadow-saxifrage, the marsh valerian, and the pendulous wood-carex. Mosses and *Jungermanni'nias* are likewise plentiful; and in very early spring, going into dells full of last year's relics, we may often see, perched on a dead branch, the "Dryads' cup," *Pezi'za coccin'ea*, that in shape is like the bowl of the acorn, but three or four times larger, and inside of the

FIG. 20.
Theca and peristome of Moss (highly magnified.)

FIG. 21.
Hyp'num tamarisci'num.

deepest carmine colour.* One of the Jungermannias is

* See, for a very pretty and characteristic drawing of this elegant plant, Bolton's "Fungi of Halifax," vol. iii. plate 104, (Chetham Library.)

a rarity, namely, the *J. tomentel'la*, though here, in one or two places, abundant. So like a moss is the *tomentel'la*, that we might readily pass it over as one, did not the eye catch a *quasi*-flower of four little points spreading horizontally, mosses usually having rays, like the petals of a daisy, and the *quasi*-flower being turned sideways, or even pendulous. The delicate parts that in these little plants look so like flowers in reality are the seed-pods, those truly equivalent to floral organs having been developed long before.

From the neighbourhood of Hanging-banks wood we may find our way to Mobberley, and thence to Bowdon, or else direct to Bowdon, *viâ* Cotterill and Ashley. But either way is rather far, and it is best to make a *détour*, crossing the river, going along the foot of the hill, on which stands Bollin House,—then recrossing the river by "Oversley ford," and so into the lanes or roads that lead to Lindow and Wilmslow. At the latter place, anciently called "Le Bolyn," there is a good deal that is interesting, should leisure permit the survey, especially in connexion with the church, the oldest parts of which belong to the twelfth century. A vague tradition connects the name of Queen Anne Boleyn with an old hall that formerly stood on a portion of the ground now buried beneath the railway. Authentic history, however, is silent on the subject, and the only connexion of her name with the neighbourhood appears to be through her unfortunate groom of the

chamber, Sir William Brereton, to whom the adjacent estate of Alderley had been granted by Henry VIII., and who was shortly afterwards beheaded by the same monarch, on account of asserted misconduct towards his mistress.

The little wood on the opposite side of the line, a trifle nearer Manchester, is noted as the spot selected for its lodging by the first of the nightingales of '62. In the list of Manchester birds given at the end of "Walks and Wild-flowers," (1858,) though upwards of thirty "summer visitants" are enumerated, the name of the nightingale does not appear, so that 1862 may be considered as the year of its first coming into the neighbourhood. The bird that has often been mistaken for the nightingale is the sedge-warbler, *Sylvia phragmitis*, (frequent about the pond-sides, especially in Cheshire, where there is plenty of congenial vegetation,) and which, like the equally frequent grasshopper-warbler, *Sylvia locustella*, is apt to begin singing the moment it is disturbed, particularly if it be late in the evening. For two or three weeks after the early part of May, the Wilmslow nightingale sang here every evening; and so great was the curiosity, not to say the enthusiasm, shown with regard to it, that parties came in vehicles from considerable distances, and on fine nights there was often a crowd of people. The same was the case at Strines, where, as mentioned above, another nightingale took up its temporary abode at the same period. Why

the bird should not come annually, like the cuckoo, is not known. Probably our neighbourhood does not supply the kind of food that Nature intends for it; and as it is stated that this most poetical of all birds has a special fondness for districts where the cowslip grows wild plentifully, which is not the case near Manchester, where the flower is scarcely known, and the insects associated in nature with cowslips are of course absent likewise, or nearly so, the suggestion as to the cause of the bird's absence may at all events be received as reasonable till a better one is supplied. The nest of the nightingale is usually constructed in some thick and impenetrable hedge. The hen-bird, while sitting, is quiet, and not easily alarmed. She has another protection in the circumstance of her lord taking up his position at some distance from the nest, so that there is no exact clue to the locality.

The nightingale utters notes which, once heard, can afterwards never be mistaken. The song is in every respect remarkable, beginning with a sort of pretty dalliance, and gradually becoming richer;—still, as has often been observed, it is not what can be called sad or melancholy, though we have the authority of Milton for the latter epithet. The songs of birds are always songs of pleasure; and the probability is, that we transfer the state of our own minds, induced by wandering in the quiet country, in the darkness of evening, when the soul retires into itself, to the music of the bird, and fancy

it is sorrowful, when it is *we* rather, who, under those influences, have become awakened to the greatness of life, and its littleness, and to the subduing thoughts that belong to the Before and After. Melancholy, in the true idea of the word, does not come of pain or evil, but of rising into higher consciousness of the Infinite.

"When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,—
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet;
All my joys to this are folly,—
None so sweet as melancholy.

"When to myself I sit and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen;
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness;
All my joys to this are folly,—
None so sweet as melancholy."*

Chaucer calls the nightingale "merry." But at the period when he wrote his tales the word signified strenuous, or hearty. We can quite afford to surrender it, since there are many instances in literature where the bird is accredited with its genuine nature, or that of cheerfulness. Like the famous "Lachrymæ Christi" of Italy, it is sorrowful only in name. †

* Robert Burton, 1651. Introduction to the "Anatomy of Melancholy."

† See, on this very interesting subject, not the current books

ALDERLEY needs no eulogy, speaking, like a lady, for itself. Whatever smoke-engendered thoughts may occupy the mind from Stockport onwards for twenty minutes, they are effectually dispelled by the sight of the stately hill, in the distance dressed with fir-woods, and hitherward a medley of nature and art, that rises right in front as we pass Wilmslow, and well deserves the name of Alderley Edge. The familiar acquaintance with this place on the part of all Manchester people renders any long account of it unnecessary. Suffice it to say that the Edge is a steep and beautifully curving cliff, of great elevation, and some two miles in length, (reckoning to the out-of-sight portion that overlooks Bollington,) with here and there great slants of green, rough and projecting rocks, and innumerable fir-trees, with, in parts, glorious oaks and birches, paths traversing the whole, and introducing us to deep and sequestered glades that in autumn are crowded with ferns. The remoter parts form a portion of the addenda to Lord Stanley's park; the extremity next the station is thickly studded with handsome residences, half hidden by trees, and which were commenced in 1845, or the year after the building of the Queen's Hotel.

From many points upon the summit is obtained a

upon Ornithology, but Bucke's "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," I. 221–233; "Time's Telescope" for 1815, 1821, and 1823, pp. respectively, 139, 118, and 106. Also vol. 4 of that admirable old journal the "Analyst," and Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," p. 261.

truly magnificent view of the great Cheshire plain, and from the rear we look also over Lyme and Macclesfield. The best position for this purpose is Stormy Point, or the Holywell Rock,—that noted crag which calls to mind the famous Tarpeian rock of old Rome, so grand is it, and withal so perilous. Surveyed from this spot, the landscape includes, upon the horizon, the wooded eminence of Bucklow-hill;—a curious and remote flat, bearing in the centre a dark mass, tilted at one end, inquiry shows to be Delamere forest; Beeston also is there, and Frodsham, to say nothing of such comparatively near objects as Dunham spire, while far away upon the right, or eastwards, are the picturesque hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire.

To reach the Edge it is better not to go up the great carriage-road, (leading over the hill to Macclesfield,) but to take one of the narrower paths that lie to the left, and so along the top of the "hough." Best of all, perhaps, is it to go a short distance along the Congleton road, and then ascend by a lane, that winds after a while amid trees, and enters the Macclesfield road near the "Wizard." Thence we soon reach the summit, and come at once upon the grandeurs of the prospect, which is preferable to learning them piecemeal and during the climb. The "Wizard" is an inn a little way upon the Macclesfield side of the Beacon, and preserves in its name an allusion to a legend more generally known than it is worthy of knowing. Once upon a time, it is re-

lated, a farmer was on his way over the Edge, riding upon a milk-white steed, which he purposed selling at Macclesfield. Suddenly he was arrested by the voice of a terrible wizard, who commanded him to return at evening, and bring the horse, on pain of death if he forgot. No purchaser was found at Macclesfield, (as foretold, indeed, by the wizard,) and on the farmer's return, he was ushered by the wizard through some huge iron gates that have never since been discoverable, into a vast hall, where stood innumerable milk-white horses like his own, with warriors beside them, all fast asleep. The farmer's horse was added to the ranks; money was paid him in recompense; the gates were re-opened for his liberation, and there the story ends. The Beacon was erected in 1799, upon the site of a former one, with a view to giving signals, by means of fire, in case of invasion by the French.

Another way to the "Wizard," and one which gives the opportunity also of visiting an entirely different and most delightful portion of the Alderley woods, whether we care to ascend to the "Wizard" or not, and from which the return may be direct, is to go along the lane at the foot of the "hough," till a point is reached at which we turn in upon the right, mount a steep field, and then find ourselves among the trees at the commencement of a little bay or semicircle in the cliff, the area of which is occupied by a meadow. Thence we proceed through green arcades and leafy

paths, up and down, and rather intricately, at last reaching a moss alcove, and, by pushing up the ravine, a little waterfall. This is, perhaps, the choicest woodland scene readily accessible from Manchester. All wood rambling is of necessity fine. The true way, nevertheless, to learn how beautiful a wood can be, and how best to feel its richness, is to track, as we may do here, one of its streamlets to the source. Near the little waterfall grows the beech-fern, and upon the rocky ledges of the cascade itself, the "shining cavern-moss," *Schistoste'ga penna'ta*, so called from being luminous, when viewed at a particular angle, with a kind of emerald and golden phosphorescence.* After visiting this lovely retreat, and returning to the higher portion of the bay in the hill, we turn to the left and go past a farmhouse, then through fields and under the trees, and so reach the Macclesfield road at the point spoken of. Near the Holywell Rock occurs one of the rarest of known mosses, the *Orthodon'tium gra'cile*, at present known to grow only in Abyssinia and in Great Britain, two out of the three British localities being in Cheshire.

Between the main ascent to the Edge and the lane that leads from the Congleton road to near the "Wizard,"

* There is no actual evolution of light from this charming little plant. The seeming phosphorescence comes of a peculiar reflection and refraction of the light of the sun from the cellules that form its substance, and which, in the young state of the plant, (when the phosphorescent appearance is alone exhibited,) are swollen or distended, so as to form innumerable minute papillæ.

embedded in the "Bunter Sandstein," lie the Alderley copper-mines. Until latterly these mines were little more than a myth, but now they are worked to a profit. The chief of them had the character, at first, of an open quarry. Shortly afterwards it was extended by driving tunnels into the rock, two of them towards the north-west, and one to the south-east, and of the former, one has now acquired the proportions of an immense cavern. The width of the opening is about fifty feet, the height varies from forty to sixty feet, and to the extremity the distance is two or three hundred yards. Of course, it is only when lighted up artificially that, as in the case of the Northwich salt-mines, a correct idea can be formed of the extent of the cavern. This was done, as at Northwich, on the occasion of the visit of the British Association, September 1861, and then the immensity of the excavations became apparent. Running parallel with the deposits of copper there is also found lead. The ores of the former metal consist of a perpetually varying mixture of arseniate, carbonate, oxide, and phosphate of copper, the arseniate predominating. These substances are diffused throughout a whitish sandstone, in which is often contained also a considerable quantity of sulphate of barytes. Cobalt is likewise met with here. The quantity of copper is extremely variable, some of the sandstone being densely impregnated, and beautifully green, while other portions possess scarcely an atom. The poorer condition prevails, so that the average proportion

of the metal to the sandstone containing it is only about one-half per cent,—a proportion so small, that in former times it could not possibly pay the cost of extracting, whence probably the abandonment of the original works. Modern chemistry has devised so cheap a process for the purpose, as to render the mine, instead of useless, highly productive. The ore is first reduced to the state of powder, then treated with hydrochloric acid, and the metal finally precipitated with scrap iron.

Connected with Alderley Edge there is an excellent walk, perhaps it would be better to say, carriage drive, round by BIRTLES. Going along the Congleton road, and passing Alderley church, we come to a four-armed guide-post. Here turn up the hill on the left (another way to Macclesfield), and by and by upon the same side appears a handsome modern stone residence. This is "Birtles Hall," rebuilt about forty years ago. Keep to the left, where a little bridge crosses the water, obtaining the front view of this really fine mansion, then go past Birtles church, covered, like the adjacent rectory, with ivy, though built so lately as 1840, and in due time the Macclesfield road, *viâ* the "Wizard," is reached. The walk is rather a long one—perhaps scarcely suited for summer, and for that reason just the kind we want on a frosty day. Then we discern the white-stemmed birches, and the limbs of many another beautiful tree that in summer is lost in a thicket of leaves, and can study their various architecture, and think of the three

goddesses who once cast away their robes awhile on Ida, disclosing every exquisite line and ivory curve. The walls in the road by Birtles church are profusely dyed and encrusted with golden lichens, which, like the birches, show that nature has festivals for every season. They are of the species called *Parme'lia parieti'na*, very common upon the branches of old hawthorns, and upon palings, &c., but never so rich in colour as when embossing the surface of a rock or wall. There are very many other

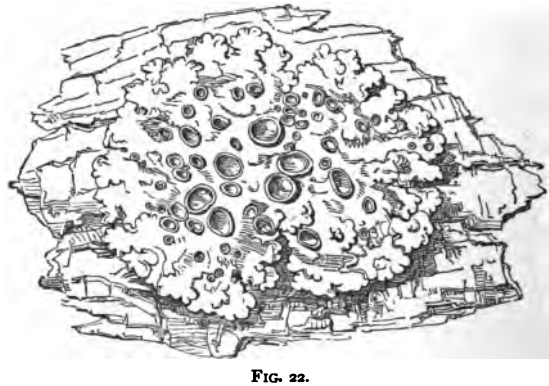


FIG. 22.
Parmelia pulverulenta (on a piece of bark.)

kinds of these singular plants, white, yellow, brown, black, and gray, constituting, when in such habitats as this at Birtles, the "time-stains" of the artist, and generally crowded with pretty seed-cups that scarcely rise above the surface.

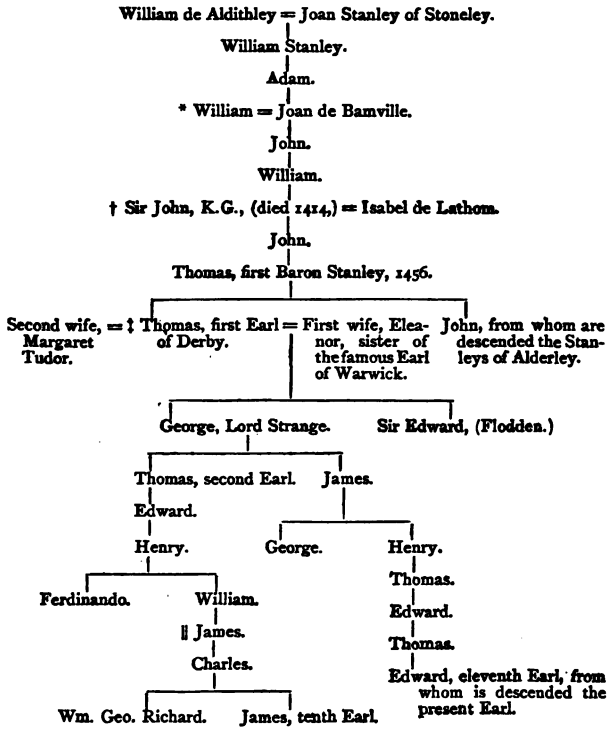
On the right-hand side of the Macclesfield road, where we turn up to go to Birtles, is Henbury Park, a

very ancient seat; and farther to the south, near Siddington, are Thorneycroft Hall and Park. Both are picturesque, and in each is a spacious mere.

Alderley church and churchyard are remarkably pretty. The Park, with its magnificent beech-trees, and large natural sheet of water, called "Radnor Mere," is not accessible. Neither are the gardens, wherein are many mulberry-trees, that are annually loaded with fruit. The hall is by no means a striking structure; and although the advantages of the surrounding grounds are the greatest possessed by any place in Cheshire, it would be difficult for less to have been made of them. Up till 1779, the family resided at a hall close to the church, on the opposite side of the road. In that year, however, the greater portion was burnt down, and the occupants took up their abode in the existing one. The connexion of the name of Stanley with Alderley appears to extend back to about A.D. 1420, when the estate was inherited by marriage. Subsequently it was forfeited to the Crown, and after experiencing several changes of ownership, was re-acquired by purchase on the part of the first baronet, whose creation took place in 1660. From the latter was lineally descended the Sir John Stanley who, in 1839, was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Stanley of Alderley.

The great celebrity of the name of Stanley, its connexion with the most stirring events in English history, and the lofty position it holds in the politics and adminis-

tration of the present day, give to Alderley independent and special interest. Like the rest of our oldest and most distinguished aristocracy, the family dates from the time of William the Conqueror, and, through one of the ladies of the earliest ancestry, is identified also with one of the noble old Saxon families that held their ground when on every side there was confiscation. Among the leaders who accompanied William from Normandy was one Adam de Aldithley, so styled from the name of his paternal estate. Acquitting himself bravely, he was rewarded with large possessions in England; his two sons, who had come over at the same time, were also seated substantially; and in due course, two grandsons that were born to the old knight married into the ancient Saxon family alluded to, namely, that of Stanley of Stoneley, Staffordshire. Certain exchanges and settlements were effected, and William de Aldithley, the younger of the two grandsons, became possessor of the Stoneley property. In honour of his lady, and of the great antiquity of her family, he now assumed her maiden name, and in these two personages we have the immediate founders of the long lineage that has never sullied its inheritance, and that has made for itself such lustrous annals. The relationship of some of the most celebrated of the Stanleys will appear from the following table of the descent:—



The second Sir William Stanley (marked * in the above table) married, as there indicated, Joan, daughter of Sir Philip de Bamville. By this alliance he became possessed of the manor of Wyrall Forest—a circumstance interesting as the occasion of the establishment of the Stanley armorial bearings, which consist of three stags' heads pictured in gold upon an azure cross-belt, that

proceeds from the right shoulder to the sword-hold, while the ground or shield is silver. Heraldry calls them *argent*, upon a bend *azure*, three stags' heads *or*. The second Sir John, marked † in the above table, marrying Isabel, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathom, of Lathom, near Ormskirk, not only acquired that property, but would seem to have been the individual who introduced the curious crest that surmounts the arms. This consists of a peculiar kind of coronet, crimson and ermine, heraldically termed a *chapeau*, and containing an infant over which stands an eagle, as if about to devour the child. The allusion is to the circumstance of an infant having once been found in an eagle's nest by one of the Lathoms, and being adopted into the family as if one of their own offspring.

Thomas Stanley (marked ‡ in the table) was the famous soldier who figured so prominently at the battle of Bosworth Field, October 27, 1485, completing his great service by placing the crown upon the head of Richmond, thereafter Henry VII. :—

> "Courageous Richmond! well hast thou acquit thee!
> Lo, here, this long-usurpèd royalty,
> From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
> Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
> Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it!" *

In consideration of the important part he had taken in the battle, the result of which was that the Planta-

* King Richard III., Act V., Scene last.

genets were driven from the throne of England, after three centuries' possession, and the house of Tudor put in their place, the new monarch advanced him to the dignity of EARL OF DERBY, this being the first bestowal of the title. By his first wife, (Eleanor, sister of the famous Earl of Warwick,) this celebrated man had a son George, who became Lord Strange, and from whom is lineally descended the present noble head of the Conservative party in this country. Another son, taking up arms, will live for ever in the history of Flodden Field, fought September 9, 1513, being that one who was adjured by the dying hero of Scott's romance :—

> "Charge, Chester, charge ! on, Stanley, on !
> Were the last words of Marmion."

Sir Edward, on this occasion, commanded the rear of the English army, and forcing the Scots, by the power of his archers, to descend the hill, thus broke their line, and insured the triumph of the English arms. For this good service, Henry VIII. rewarded him in the following year with the title of Lord Monteagle, the name having reference to the family crest, and to the anecdote related above.

Through the eldest son of George, Lord Strange, who succeeded him as second Earl, Thomas, first Earl of Derby, was the progenitor of another series of eminent men. Conspicuous among these stands James, the seventh Earl, in the table marked ||. Distinguished for his devoted attachment to the royal

cause during the civil wars, he took a well-known part in the battle of Worcester, and subsequent assistance of Charles to escape, and falling afterwards into the hands of Cromwell's troops, was cruelly beheaded at Bolton, October 15, 1651. His wife was the chivalrous Charlotte de la Tremouille, who in 1644 successfully defended Lathom House for three months, when besieged by 2000 Parliamentarians under Fairfax, holding it for her husband until Prince Rupert brought belief.

One only of the Stanleys seems to have distinguished himself in the more tranquil paths of philosophy and natural-history—the Right Rev. Edward, Rector of Alderley in 1805, and subsequently Bishop of Norwich. With many other contributions to the literature of our country, we have from his pen that well-known and useful little book, the "Familiar History of Birds," first published in 1835.

Just below Alderley church, crossing the field slantwise and leftwards, and so past Heywood Hall, we find a field-path for Chelford, going presently through a large plantation of Scotch firs. This is a walk that may be taken advantageously for variety's sake, and may be reversed by commencing at Chelford. Coming thence, it is not necessary to change into and finish with the Congleton road, there being a field-path nearly all the way to the station. Autumn is the best season for it, unless in the first flush of summer, when it is impossible for any place to be uninteresting. The plantation in

question forms a conspicuous object on the left-hand side of the railway, immediately after leaving Chelford *en route* to Alderley.

CAPESTHORNE lies between Henbury and Chelford; and although the Chelford station is the nearest for it, the walk by the Congleton road, past Alderley Park, is so charmingly wooded, that it never becomes tedious. From Chelford the distance is about two miles. All the beauties of a Cheshire park are here to be seen, not omitting the customary sheet of water, which in the present instance is divided into two portions. In parts it is blossomed over with water-lilies,—those glorious plants that lay out, as it were, a floral Venice, and seem colonists from the tropics rather than the ancient Britons that they are. At the southern end, close to the margin, among sallows, &c., grows plenty of the *Aspid'ium Thelyp'teris*, a fern found in abundance also at Wybunbury and at Knutsford, but in the latter locality annually removed by the scythe. "Reeds Mere," as this one in Capesthorne Park is called, produces also the *Hippuris vulgaris*, believed to grow nowhere else near Manchester. It is provided, moreover, with a *floating island*, one or two acres in extent, and covered with trees and brushwood, predominant among which is the fragrant shrub called sweet-gale. Ordinarily, the island remains moored near the centre, but strong currents of wind move it away, and keep it so, until affected by powerful countercurrents.

To account for the origin of this floating island there is, of course, a legend, based, in the present instance, on the loves of the fair Isabel de Vere — herself the daughter of a golden lineage—and a certain Sir Reginald, (surname unrecorded,) who had achieved renown at Agincourt. The Lady Isabel lived in a cottage hard by, having been wronged of her possessions by one Sir Hugh de Moreton. This fact she confided to Sir Reginald, who attacked the despoiler, but unsuccessfully; a stronger friend came, however, to the rescue, and the next Christmas night Sir Hugh died suddenly. Then the lady resumed her rights; and Sir Reginald, among others, thought she would make a pretty bride,—more than a little jealous at the same time of the attentions paid by certain rivals, and vowing at last, that

> "Until the island moved along
> The bosom of the mere,
> He would not look upon the face
> Of Isabel de Vere."

By and by he fell sick; Isabel watched by his pillow; and eventually love and faithfulness were rewarded by Heaven sending a hurricane that tore the island from its anchorage.

Capesthorne Hall, now, alas, despoiled of some of its best portions, is of red brick, with stone-dressings, and surmounted by pinnacles and turrets. In style, it is partly Elizabethan and partly after the age of Louis Quinze. A noble terrace, and a conservatory, designed

by the late Sir Joseph Paxton, 150 feet long, and internally of the most airy and elegant aspect, and remarkable for the beauty of its climbers and golden-haired acacias, are among the many merits of this handsome pile, which unhappily had its heart burnt out during the night of September 28, 1861. The family is a younger branch of the very ancient one seated at Bramhall, having descended from the third of three brothers, the eldest of whom settled in Staffordshire, while the middle one became possessor of the estate near Stockport. Capesthorne is not their primitive seat, the Davenports having only entered in 1748, when it was brought as a marriage-portion by a descendant of John de Ward, in whose family it had been since the time of Edward III., and who had acquired it in turn by marriage with the daughter of Randal de Capesthorne. The ancestors of the last named had assumed the name of the place early in the thirteenth century; for in A.D. 1238, there is mention made in history of friendship between Thomas de Capesthorne and the beautiful Lucia, lady of Gawsworth. The Davenports themselves took their name from the original place of their abode, Davenport, near Congleton, granted by William the Conqueror to their ancestor Orme or Ormus.

Admirable *day*-trips may be made by this line of railway,—to BEESTON CASTLE, for instance, and to COMBERMERE. For either of these, it is desirable to start not

later than 10 A.M., for although the distance is not so great, the attractions are many. Beeston Castle is reached by way of the line from Crewe to Chester. Shortly after leaving the first-named place, we arrive at Beeston station, and then it is only a pleasant walk across the fields. Excepting Warwick Castle, there is perhaps no more interesting relic of feudal power in England than we behold in this famous and far-seen ruin. Seated upon a promontory, which juts out from the neighbouring hills in a unique and romantic manner, giving the idea, at a little distance, of an insulated rock in a sea of grass, the ruins tower above our heads with an inexpressible and mournful grandeur, that touches the heart like the story of Caractacus in the streets of Rome. More quickly than at any other place of the same nature, the mind runs back to the time when the walls were alive with armed men, and shouts rose from the turrets, now discrowned, and nowhere do we feel a greater contrast between the idea of ancient warfare and of peace, so sweet is the scene that now embosoms the deceased stronghold. On the eastern side, the rock rises from the meadows by a regular, though steep ascent; on the western, it terminates in an abrupt and absolutely perpendicular precipice, the brink of which is 366 feet above the level of the base. Hence, in profile, it presents the appearance of a mountain toppled over, with the stone foundations reared up edgeways. As a military post, the castle in old times was impregnable,

and although it changed hands more than once, while yet a fortress, it was never gained by *bonâ fide* siege and assault. The date of the building lies somewhere about A.D. 1220, when it was undertaken by Ranulph de Blondeville, sixth Earl of Chester. He gave himself to the work immediately on his return from Palestine; bringing thence, with others of the Crusaders, the style of architecture that Beeston so well exemplifies. The area included by the now crumbling and ivied walls is a mile in circumference; the grand old bastions, and the narrow gateway, with steep stone steps, are nearly intact; and by means of lighted paper, as it slowly settles downwards, we may get an idea of the famous well, which sinks to the level of Beeston Brook, 366 feet below the aperture! Long reputed unfathomable, and believed to be charged with immense treasures thrown into it on the approach of the enemy, in 1842 the well was cleared out to the very bottom, and found to contain nothing but rubbish.

The history of Beeston, subsequently to the feudal times, corresponds with that of most old English castles, Warwick being almost the only exception. In the wars between Charles I. and the Parliamentary forces, the latter early got possession, (February 21, 1643.) Subsequently it fell into the hands of the Royalists, but it was afterwards retaken, and in 1646 it was dismantled.

Pleasure-parties now find, on the broad green slope that rises from the meadows to the foot of the walls, one

of the most delicious of natural lawns for rest and picnic; and from the ruins, one of the most magnificent views in England. Nantwich, Chester, Wrexham, the Welsh mountains, the Frodsham hills, the estuaries of the Mersey and of the Dee, are all before us in an instant; and from the base of the rock, a smiling and richly-cultivated country stretches to the rim of the landscape. All, too, is seen so distinctly, and everywhere it is so full. Scattered over this spacious map are villages, homesteads, orchards innumerable; the vast breadth of bright emerald and sunny pasture laced with hedgerows that in spring are blossom-dappled, and streams, of which, although so far away, we get twinkling glimpses among the leafage;—if it be autumn, the scene is chequered with the warm tints of harvest, every field plainly distinguishable;—later still, we may watch October winding its tinted way amid the green summer of the reluctant trees. If it be evening, and the great plain lies steeped in sunset, waiting awhile, glorious is it again, from this tall rock, to mark the wind-sculptured clouds, that an hour before were shining alabaster, slowly turn to purple mountains, while the molten gold boils up above their brows; and by and by there shall be left only bars of delicate rose, or a veil of lovely daffodil, and some sweet planet peers forth in its beautiful lustre, and at last we are with old Homer and the camp before Troy, "when the stars are seen round the bright moon, and the air is breathless, and all beacons, and lofty

summits, and forests appear, and the shepherd is delighted in his mind."* So that the utility of the grand old place has not passed away, but only taken another form; instead of inspiring awe and terrors, it ministers noble enjoyments. And perhaps it is well to think of the days of ancient Beeston as we do of the "Drift period," when floods surged hither and thither, yet in their subsidence made the earth fit for fruit-bearing, and great boulders were left on the plains to tell the story.

When at Beeston, we visit, as a matter of course, Peckforton, the residence of John Tollemache, Esq.

This truly magnificent edifice restores, in the finest possible manner, the irregular Norman style of architecture which prevailed in the time of Edward I. The site is remarkably well chosen, being upon a hill which commands views equally varied, extensive, and picturesque, while the abundant trees give it a seclusion that would seem hardly possible upon ground so elevated. Occupying not less than 9000 square yards, and in architectural proportions, costliness, and superb workmanship, without a rival in this part of England, it is not surprising that the erection of Peckforton should have extended, as it did, over the greater portion of nine years, that is to say, from 1842 to 1851. The material employed was the red sandstone of the county, from quarries about a mile to the west, and since no portion of the walls is covered with paint or paper, the excellent

* "Iliad," viii., at the end.

quality of this stone, and its adaptedness for such noble purpose, is everywhere evident and striking. Among other pleasing features of the neighbourhood, must be mentioned Peckforton mere, which covers about eight acres; while in the pretty garden at the foot of the path leading up the hill, shadowed by a stately beech, is Horsley Bath, a well of limpid water, perpetually running from the rocks. All the way, both from the station to Beeston Castle, and from the castle to Peckforton, the walk is most enjoyable, and on a fine day in early summer no greater treat is open to our acceptance. The total distance from Manchester is 41 miles.

The immense stretch of country spread at our feet when standing on Beeston castle-rock is that famous part of Cheshire designated "Vale Royal," which name was given by Edward I. to the abbey founded by him on the river Weaver.* "The ayre of Vale Royall," says the old historian of the district, "is verie wholesome, insomuch that the people of the countrey are seldom infected with Disease or Sicknesse, neither do they use the help of Physicians, nothing so much, as in other countries. For when any of them are sick, they make him a posset, and tye a kerchieff on his head; and if that will not

* This river, not before mentioned, rises upon Buckley-heath, near Malpas, going thence past Nantwich and Winsford. At Northwich it joins the Dane; soon afterwards it joins the Peover; nd the united waters fall into the Mersey not far from Frodsham.

amend him, then God be merciſull to him! The people there live till they be very old: some are Grandfathers, their fathers yet living, and some are Grandfathers before they be married. . . . . They be very gentle and courteous, ready to help and further one another; in Religion very zealous, howbeit somewhat addicted to Superstition: otherwise stout, bold, and hardy: withal impatient of wrong, and ready to resist the Enemy or Stranger that shall invade their Countrey. . . . . Likewise be the women very friendly and loving, in all kind of Housewifery expert, fruitful in bearing Children after they be married, and sometimes before.* . . . . I know divers men which are but Farmers that may compare therein with a Lord or Baron in some Countreys beyond the Seas." †

Vale Royal Abbey (adapted to the purposes of a modern mansion in the reign of James I.) is the seat of the Cholmondeleys, the head of which family was in 1821 created Lord Delamere. It lies about 2½ miles

* In this allusion our facetious author not improbably had his eye upon the origin of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Egerton above spoken of, who was natural son of Sir Richard Egerton of Doddlestone Hall, by the beautiful and fascinating Mary Sparks, A.D. 1540.

† "The Vale Royall of England, or the County Palatine of Chester, Illustrated; wherein is contained a Geographical and Historical Description of that famous County, with all its Hundreds and Seats of the Nobility, Gentry, and Freeholders, its Rivers, Towns, Castles, and Buildings, Ancient and Modern. Performed by William Smith and William Webb, Gentlemen, and published by Mr Daniel King. 1656."

west by south from Northwich, occupying the crown of a gentle elevation near the banks of the Weaver, of the vale of which river it commands a delightful view. The approach is through a spacious park, that in many parts is singularly picturesque; while in the interior are the most striking decorations with which such a residence can be enriched, including ancient implements of war and of the chase, antlers, &c., in profusion. Adding still further to the interior beauty, the stained-glass windows are entirely covered with heraldic devices. The foundation, as said above, was laid by Edward I., who having (when Earl of Chester) been in danger of shipwreck on his return from the Holy Land, made a vow that on his safe settlement at home he would establish a new convent of Cistercian monks. During his subsequent imprisonment at Hereford, he was visited and consoled by monks of this order, and, weighted with the double obligation, on August 6, 1277, he cancelled it by laying the first stone, in the presence of a great gathering of the nobles, and of Queen Eleanor, who then laid the second stone. The monks entered on their occupancy A.D. 1330. In the time of Henry VIII., like all other abbeys, it suffered dismemberment, and all that is now extant of the original building is that part of it which forms the basement of the present mansion.

From Manchester, Vale Royal is approached by way either of Northwich or of Hartford, the latter a station on the line between Warrington and Crewe, formerly

called the "Grand Junction." This is the line to use for natural-history visits to Oakmere and other noted pools, &c., in Delamere forest—that famous wilderness, made memorable, in one way among a thousand, by Ethelfreda, the noble-spirited daughter of King Alfred, building in it the once important town or fortress of Eddisbury. The site of the old fortress is still indicated by extensive earthworks, surrounded by a dry ditch, and situated in an enclosure, formerly called the Chamber of the Forest, and now the "Old Pale." It is considered the highest point in this part of Cheshire. The forest itself, even so late as two centuries ago, comprised no less than 11,000 acres of wood and wilderness, and in the time of Henry VIII., according to Leland, abounded with deer. Very much has now been brought under cultivation, so that only about 8000 acres remain, half of which great surface has been planted with trees, larch and Scotch fir predominating, and giving it in consequence that peculiar and solemn aspect which woods of Conifers alone can bestow.*

Warrington is the point of departure also, *viâ* the line to Chester, for Halton Castle, Rock-Savage, and Frodsham, the "Beacon Hill" at which place is well worth a visit. Arrived at Chester, forty miles from Manchester, we have at command, by going up the Dee in gondolas, "Eaton Hall," the princely mansion of the Marquis of Westminster. No one who loves architecture should

* *Vide* "British and Garden Botany," p. 767.

fail to see this noble palace, and it can only be from the comparatively difficult access to it until of late, that it has not become as popular as Chatsworth. If approach by the river be not cared for, (though this is by far the most delightful,) it may be accomplished *viâ* the Wrexham road, and through the park. The Hall was erected in 1807, and consists of a large centre, of three stories, enriched with octagonal turrets, buttresses, and pinnacles, placed between wings finished in a similar manner. The entrance to the western front is under a lofty portico, but the most imposing aspect is that presented on the eastern side, where a magnificent flight of steps terminates in three rich and airy arches, forming the middle of an exquisitely beautiful vaulted cloister, which extends along the entire centre, and unites the wings. Internally, all is in keeping, and when the splendours of the apartments have been enjoyed, there are gardens and conservatories to conclude with. Returning to Chester, and while waiting the hour for the homeward train, to walk round the old walls is a treat of no ordinary kind, nor, when there, is the Cathedral to be forgotten.

For COMBERMERE, it is needful to strike from Crewe along the line that leads through Nantwich and Wem to Shrewsbury, stopping at "Wrenbury," which place is something less than nine miles distant, or about forty miles from Manchester.

From Wrenbury the way lies first across Mr Wilson's

broad acres of model farm-land; then along a lane, with a large mill-pond upon the left, containing water-lilies, both white and yellow, and a forest of *Scirpus lacustris;* then through a green corridor of trees upon the right, floored with grass, and with broad borders of wild-flowers, like the illumination of a missal, this last being on the frontiers of the park. A little farther on we come to the mere—a noble semicircular sheet of water more than a mile in length, covering 130 acres, much too irregular in form to be seen at once in its full extent, and surrounded almost entirely by delightful woods. The principal source of supply to it is the little river Comber, which the mere entirely absorbs, but after the manner of the Caspian Sea, (which receives, but never gives,) without originating any stream that shall move elsewhere. The mere is noted for the abundance and size of its fish, especially pike and perch.

Pursuing our way, beneath limes, oaks, and beeches that are nowhere excelled in Cheshire, we arrive at a cottage, with ivied verandah and sloping lawn; and here, parties privileged to enter these charming grounds generally have the additional privilege of the use of boats. As the water is 60 or 70 feet deep, it is prudent for those who use them to secure pilots who cannot swim, since, whatever their concern or unconcern for the safety of others, they will be sure to take care on their own account. The residence, called "Combermere Abbey," is exactly opposite. It is a pretty, but

not remarkable building, on the site of an Abbey of Benedictine monks, founded A.D. 1133, and interesting chiefly for its armoury and library, the former containing numerous trophies from the East Indies, whence they were brought by the late renowned Lord Combermere, when Sir Stapleton Cotton. His lineal ancestor, George Cotton, Esq., is described in the account of Vale Royal, above referred to, as "a man of singular accompt for wisdom, integrity, godlinesse, gentlenesse, facility, and all generous dispositions." Sir Stapleton Cotton held a foremost place in the great wars that ensued upon the French Revolution of 1789, both in the East Indies and the West, and particularly distinguished himself in the Peninsula. In 1814 he received a baronetcy for his numerous services, and in 1826 he was created Viscount. The decease of Lord Combermere, it will be remembered, was one of the events of the year 1865. In the library of the Abbey is some fine wood-carving, and the heraldic history of the family for five centuries, beautifully emblazoned in colours upon the walls and ceiling.

The natural-history of the Combermere woods is about the average. Standing upon the extremest verge of Cheshire, the vegetation accords with what we are accustomed to farther north; and if there be rarities, none appear, though many may lie hidden. It is marvellous what curiosities come to light in the open spaces unbosomed by the woodman. *Filix-mas* grows here in prodigious quantity and great luxuriance; *Epipac'tis lati-*

fo'lia is nearly as common as the tway-blade,—individual specimens of which at Combermere grow two feet high; and near the ivied cottage is abundance of the yellow touch-me-not, *Impa'tiens Noli-me-tangere.*

While speaking of the plants of the Cheshire woods, and before we leave the county, let us not forget the rose-lychnis and the forget-me-not. In the damp woods and

FIG. 23.
Rose-lychnis.

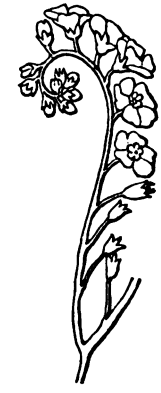


Fig. 24.
Forget-me-not.

groves of almost all the level parts, the lychnis grows in profusion inexpressible; while in very many there is an equally great abundance of the sylvan forget-me-not, the flowers flooding the ground beneath the trees with azure that seems quite luminous. This is especially the case near Hanging-banks wood, between Wilmslow and Cotterill. Both plants are generally diffused; it is the massing in such quantities that is so noticeable. The

"sylvan forget-me-not" is not the same plant as the "poets' forget-me-not," also very common. The last named always grows close to water, and seldom or never in masses; it has larger corollas, of a much richer and darker blue, and the little hairs that clothe the surface of the calyx are pressed close, whereas in the smaller and paler-flowered "sylvan," the hairs stand erect, and are curved at the extremity. Forget-me-not is sometimes confounded with the germander-speedwell. A glance at the mode in which the flower-stalk is rolled inwardly is enough to distinguish it, the flower-branch of the speedwell being always perfectly straight. In the speedwell, moreover, the leaves are disposed in couples, and the blossom is unsymmetrical instead of circular.

The return from Combermere to Wrenbury may be effected by a different though not a longer path, the distance either way being about two miles and a half. The walk is agreeably diversified; in the hedgerows are the flowery ringlets of the *Tamus*, with leaves that shine as if oiled; and the Peckforton hills cancel the feeling of its being a flat country. Let us add, also, (though the trip is one for a very long day, requiring perhaps fourteen or fifteen hours,) that the line through Wrenbury is the one to be taken for Uriconium,—that once famous city of the Romans, and which, though ruined and buried for at least twelve hundred years, is still fraught with interest. It lies about five miles from the

town of Shrewsbury, which at present is the nearest point of access by rail, so that the remainder of the journey has to be accomplished with the aid of quadrupeds. If possible, before proceeding to the ruins, the intending visitor should examine the relics brought therefrom, and deposited in the Shrewsbury museum.

The railway to Macclesfield branches out of the old "Manchester and Birmingham" at Cheadle, (the first station beyond Stockport,) thence running exactly midway between the iron roads that convey us to Crewe and Buxton, the distance between these two increasing, however, every instant, since they resemble the sides of a letter v turned sideways—V. Leaving Cheadle by the branch in question, we reach, first, the nearest point for Bramhall; afterwards Adlington and Prestbury, with their undulating and beautifully-wooded neighbourhoods; and from the former may proceed to Pott Shrigley, through some of the most pleasing country in this part of Cheshire. Profusely as grow the sylvan hyacinths (commonly called blue-bells) in many a sweet grove in Lancashire and Mid-Cheshire, there are localities near Pott Shrigley where in May the ground emulates the sky of Italy. There is a capital walk also by way of Harrop-wood to Lyme Park; and very delightful and sequestered scenery and meadow rambling again, on the right-hand side of the line, about Mottram-St-Andrew, and between Prestbury and Alderley.

Adlington Hall is the seat of Charles Richard Banastre Legh, Esq. Nowhere is there a park more beautifully timbered, nor are there any pleasure-grounds in the county more delightful. Prestbury, in turn, has special attractions for the antiquary. Though not mentioned in Domesday, it was a place of importance at a very early period, as proved by its architectural remains, the chancel and south aisle of the large and venerable church being of about A.D. 1130, while in the graveyard is a building, (now used as a Sunday-school,) the site of which was once occupied by a structure probably Norman, there being a doorway of the original edifice still extant, in which mouldings, apparently Norman, are preserved. The Sunday-school itself was built in 1747; the tower of the church, which is in the Perpendicular style, is of about A.D. 1460; the incongruous north aisle was rebuilt in 1739.

When at Prestbury we are also near BOLLINGTON, the country surrounding which abounds with bold inequalities of surface, deep and romantic valleys, and little streams. The higher parts are wild, and often bleak; it is a grand district, nevertheless, for the lover of mountain-air and ample prospects—one of the views, from the summit of a hill locally called "White Nancy," extending as far as Liverpool. From quarries on the Bollington side of the lofty grounds called the "Kerridge hills" is obtained the well-known and admired building-material called "Kerridge freestone."

Macclesfield being reached, the North Staffordshire line conveys us onward to "North Rode Junction," distant not quite five miles, at which point the "Churnet Valley" diverges eastwards for Leek, &c. Here, leaving the train, we are face to face with the towering grandeur of Cloud-end, the mountain seen so distinctly from the fields between Bowdon and the Bollin-valley. Keeping Cloud-end to the left, we descend the green lane, remarking, as we advance, a sheet of water upon the right, and a mansion upon the summit of the rising ground behind it,—the residence of Mrs Thomas Daintry,—and then enter North Rode park, the tower of North Rode church coming into view as soon as the park is reached.

Through the park there is a road "on sufferance," which leads presently to fields and to Rode Green, where there is a farmhouse. Passing this, we shortly afterwards traverse a bit of uncultivated ground, with some old trees, furze-bushes, &c., (a fragment of some ancient wilderness,) then move on through more green fields, bordered right and left with agreeable scenery, and so reach GAWSWORTH.

If any place be the beau-ideal of a rural retreat, this one may assert just claims. The ancient trees, the church, the dignified old residences, all speak at once of long-standing and undisturbed respectability. Inside the church, at the communion end, are some curious monuments and interesting inscriptions; in the graveyard stand patriarchal yews,—one of them, now only a

torso, encased in ivy, and protected on its weakest side by a little wall of steps, that seem intended to make it useful as a tree-pulpit, while in the interior bees form honeycombs. Close by is "Gawsworth Hall," again representing the "magpie" architecture of two or three centuries ago, with six great walnut-trees, and inside the gates, a grassy amphitheatre that in days gone by, on the occasion of festivals, served as a village tournament-ground. Water also is there, flowing in a succession of four or five large pools, so thronged with fishes that on fine days, (when they sport near the surface, and gliding through the sunbeams, gleam like silver,) they remind us of the tadpoles in the corner of a pond. Sycamores shade the path by the largest pool, and reflected from the level surface, which is disturbed only by swans, in sunshine make an arbour fit for Undine. The large ivy-clad building opposite the hall is a country-seat of the Earl of Harrington, who owns most of the land hereabouts; that one immediately opposite the church is the Rectory.

The homeward path to Macclesfield is considerably shorter than the railway journey. It lies principally along the road, but is in every way agreeable, and in consequence of the rise and fall of the ground affords some amusing optical illusions. For a considerable distance the road is bordered by beech-trees, the avenues formed by which are at all times beautiful; when looked at *through an opera-glass*, so that half a mile of colonnade

is brought close to the eye, they are turned into a green and moving stereoscopic picture.

A little way along upon the left, soon after quitting the village, in a plantation of oaks and larches, stands the tomb of the celebrated wit, poet, and player, Samuel Johnson, known by his generation as "Lord Flame," and whose remains, by his own desire, were buried here in 1773.

> "Averse to strife, how oft he 'd gravely say,
> These peaceful groves should shade his breathless clay."*

If, instead of leaving the North Staffordshire line at North Rode, we continue for three or four miles, we reach CONGLETON, the best station for Brookhouse-moss, noted for some curious plants, and lying between the rivers Wheelock and Croco. Congleton is the station also for Biddulph Grange, now accessible by a branch to "Gillow Heath," but more pleasantly reached either by the field-path or the coach-road, being scarcely three miles distant. It is just inside Staffordshire, and no more. The attraction of the place to Manchester excursionists, and far more deservingly so to all persons interested in horticulture and botanical science, consists in the celebrated and absolutely unique gardens attached to the

* For the whole of the epitaph, and for other particulars respecting Gawsworth, see Mr T. W. Barlow's "Cheshire, its Historical and Literary Associations, 1855." Or better still, Ormerod's "Cheshire," vol. iii., pp. 289-296.

Grange,—the residence of James Bateman, Esq., by whom they were wholly designed, and to whose liberality the public are so much indebted for the privilege of admission. A surface favoured by nature with little more than undulation and a stream of water, has been made to supply aspects the most diversified and picturesque; genius has so combined the exotic and rare with the wild and simple, as to give at every turn the highest pleasures of novelty; a fine scientific purpose has put wealth to noble use by devoting the ground especially to the cultivation of the most curious and beautiful plants that recent travellers have sent home; and though last, far from least, the idiosyncrasies of the many little gardens that, like the scenes within an epic, lie embedded in the great one, are so perfect and distinct, though at the same time in admirable harmony, that there is a fitting place for the humblest flowers of the field and woodland, (for these are represented in abundance,) as well as for very numerous exotics that are now nearly lost to cultivation. In these days of "bedding-out," when a garden is esteemed in proportion to its gaiety, and half-a-dozen species of plants are thought better than examples of nature's sweet multiformity, it is quite refreshing to find, as at every turn in this beautiful garden, scores of the old-fashioned and simple things that delighted the poets in times gone by, and that live for ever in their verses, but which the florist disregards, and ordinarily casts away—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength;
——————— bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

The pinetum is one of the richest, and in design certainly the most natural in the country, the trees being dispersed in groups upon grassy or heathery knolls. This is nearly the first thing seen. Afterwards we come to innumerable specialities, every one of which is a study and a surprise. The Chinese garden, with its gaudy Joss-house; the Italian one, with its vases; the Rhododendron walk; the fern-glen; the avenue of Wellingtonias, stretching along a path nearly a mile in length; the exotic oaks; the masses of Liquidambars and other curious trees; the ornamental climbers; the golden yews and hollies, that in the evening sunshine seem on fire; the walks that change their lines in so perfectly natural and easy a way; the rare plants on every hand, with a thousand other features, alike original and striking, fill the mind, as we pass through, with the highest satisfaction, and make us feel that we are in the midst of a masterpiece of gardening art.

There is yet another treat. Before entering the gardens, the student of geology has the opportunity of see-

ng a "geological gallery," probably unique of its kind. The various strata of the earth's crust are represented, as nearly as can be, by actual specimens. These are placed in their proper geological succession, sloped, so as to give the idea of "dip," and built into the wall, while above them are placed the characteristic fossils and products of the several strata, the aggregate forming an illustrated cyclopædia of geological facts.

Under special circumstances, scientific gentlemen are admitted also to the conservatories at Knypersley, two miles distant, the previous residence of Mr Bateman, but now disused. Here are to be seen numbers of the most rare and splendid orchids ever brought to this country. Mr Bateman's great work upon the Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala, of course only needs an allusion, though some may not be aware that there is a copy of it in the Chetham Free Library, and that another forms part of the collection at the "Portico," in Mosley Street. Lastly, there is the Grange itself, which looks into the garden, and, like the matchless scene below, owes its present form to the genius of the proprietor.*

From Congleton to Biddulph, it is decidedly the best

* Free admission is given to Biddulph Grange Gardens on the first Mondays in June, July, August, and September. On every Wednesday and Friday visitors are admitted by the purchase of 5s. tickets—the 5s. ticket admitting five persons. The tickets are obtainable at the Church House Inn, near the gates, and the money all goes to a local charity.

to walk a short distance along the road, then turn in to the fields upon the left, by the side of a little stream, and so over the hill. This commands a fine view of Congleton Edge, and gives the opportunity of inspecting the remains of Biddulph Hall. Conspicuous among the heights is the celebrated Mow-cop, for which, if it be wished to ascend, there is a station on the main-line, bearing the name. The altitude is about 1100 feet above the sea-level; the meaning of the name (*Mau coppe*) is "lofty summit." Dated 1580, the old hall is locally spoken of as the "Castle." During the civil wars it was held and defended by the Royalists against Cromwell, who, placing his guns upon the eminence called Trough-stones, succeeded in demolishing the greater portion.

Twenty-three miles from Macclesfield, on the main line, is TRENTHAM, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, where are gardens and grounds of great celebrity. Before reaching that place, we pass through Burslem and Stoke; and, at the latter, may witness, on the same day that we visit Trentham, the whole of the processes in the manufacture of porcelain. Starting anew from North Rode Junction, (five miles beyond Macclesfield,) the "Churnet Valley" line, which here commences, gives, in the first place, "Bosley," the nearest station for Cloud-end, 1190 feet above the level of the sea. Then we come to "Horton," the station for "Rudyard Lake," properly "Rudyard Reservoir," which has been a beautiful object upon the right-hand side of the line for the

length of at least a mile. Next, we pass through Leek, Froghall, and Oakamoor, and eventually reach Alton, the station for the celebrated seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury, called Alton Towers. Independently of the magnificence of the gardens, the woods, reaching nearly to Cheadle, are of the highest beauty. "Rocester Junction" completes the "Churnet Valley" line, and here we diverge to Ashbourne, the immediate starting-point for DOVEDALE, and the best way of access also to Tissington.

THE YORKSHIRE LINES.

YORKSHIRE comes in for its full share of the iron roads that, like its influence and philanthropy, flow on every side out of Manchester. The "Manchester and Sheffield;" the London and North-western, (through Staleybridge to Huddersfield, &c.;) and the great "Lancashire and Yorkshire," *viâ* Rochdale and the Todmorden Valley, offer plenty of opportunities of escape in a north-easterly direction, and facilities, in so doing, for reaching entirely new and different scenes. When fairly away from the town, all three lines move for considerable portions of their courses along valleys shut in by high hills, with lateral clefts innumerable. The summits and slopes of these hills are in many parts moorland, and as water accumulates fast upon their surfaces, the scenery is at once grand in its elevations, and made

romantic by the tumble and splash of mountain-streams. This last-named feature renders the moors inviting in the highest degree. Often among those vast and silent wastes, all covered with knee-deep ling or whortleberry, we come upon one tremendous ravine after another, the sides rugged and wasted, and the narrow bottom filled as if with the disintegrated and washed-away remains of some great city. But down the rocky bed goes limpid water, so beautiful in its everlasting rush, and gurgle, and leap, and sweet side-pools, and little bays in which snow-drifts seem to have sheltered, that we are almost tempted to ask if flowers and green fields can compare with this unsullied utterance of the mountains, and our lotus-trees seem to grow, not in the woodland, but in the wilderness.

Amid these great hills are found, moreover, some of the prettiest dingles of the neighbourhood. Like the moorlands, they abound with perpetually running and leaping waters, that give a charm to the walks in this district such as we never discover in Cheshire, and make them especially enjoyable after a visit to Rostherne or Tabley, meres usually implying the almost total absence of water in downward motion. To the botanist they supply plants that cannot grow in the lowlands; while the geologist finds records and remains such as are met with on no other side of Manchester. Some of these are strikingly wonderful. Whatever the origin in chief degree of these valleys and ravines, it is clear that

not a few of them owe their existence to the powerful action of an ocean that must once have risen high against the sides of the hills, and that must have assaulted them during many ages, assisted, not improbably, by ice. At Mottram-in-Longdendale, 568 feet above the level of the sea, and 50 miles in a direct line from it, is a deposit of brown, sandy clay, cut through at the time of the construction of the Hollingworth reservoir of the Manchester Water-works. In this clay are found not only granite and greenstone pebbles, some of them angular, and others rounded, but abundance of that well-known spiral shell of our Lancashire coasts, called the "cockspur," *Turritel'la tere'bra.* Other shells of similar habitat occur in the cutting referred to, the deposit conclusively proving the ancient contact of the waters of the ocean with those parts; and what is quite as wonderful, when we consider how vast is the length of time, and the total and absolute extinction of whole races and dynasties, both of plants and animals, that has occurred so frequently in the history of life upon our planet,—what is quite as wonderful, we say,—that some of the inhabitants of that primæval ocean were of the same kinds as exist in it at the present moment. Long must be the journeys before we shall witness and learn anything more remarkable than this. Ferns, in these little dingles, are especially abundant; and at the bottom, where the water assumes more the form of a brook, with level ground upon either hand, it is curious to note

how many moisture-loving plants of the plain take up their abode. Comparing small things with great, we are reminded of those portions of the great mountain-ranges of India and South America, where tropical vegetation, climbing a little way up, comes in contact with temperate-zone forms. Every country, if we look at it aright, is a miniature of the world; and no phenomena whatever, saving active volcanoes and icebergs, are without illustration, *in little*, in our own island, which is a compend and summary of nature, and provides the first steps to all knowledge. Among these plants may often be noticed the *Angelica*, one of the great tribe named after the parsley of the garden, and the finest illustration in our country of the normal structure. No plants are better known than the members of the Parsley family. They constitute some of the commonest hedge-row-weeds of early summer, and again in autumn, and are generally lumped together as "hemlock." The true hemlock is itself an admirable expositor of the race; but near Manchester it does not occur, or we should be able to note the glossy smoothness of the stem, and the abundant reddish spots thereon, by the combination of which characters it is at once distinguished from its congeners. The Angelica has great hemispherical umbels of lilac-tinted flowers, and very large leaves, at the base of every one of which is the characteristic pouch represented in fig. 25.

Taking the specially interesting spots in somewhat of

topographical order, the first, upon the main Sheffield line, is BROADBOTTOM, for which we stop at Mottram Station, thence descending to the banks of the lively Etherowe, which here divides Cheshire from Derbyshire.* Far up on the left is the grand mountain-terrace called Charlesworth Coombs, the semicircular and rugged face of which is in some parts almost perpendicular;—the slopes in front, beautifully patched with trees, are Stirrup and Stirrup Benches; and the lofty hills above are Ludworth moor. Arrived at the Etherowe, crossing it by a wooden bridge, and traversing a field or two, we come to Stirrup-wood, wherein is a waterfall; above this, in turn, is a delightful stretch of sward, inlaid with golden bird's-foot, and the milkwort in many colours, and upon which it is well to rest awhile and feast our eyes with the extensive prospect, — now including Werneth-Lowe, and some pleasing bends of the river, with portions of the Ernocroft plantations. The abundance of ferns here is con-

FIG. 25.
Angelica stem and leaf-pouch.

* The Etherowe rises near Woodhead, at the junction of the counties of Derby, York, and Chester, and is the boundary between Cheshire and Derbyshire for about nine miles. At Compstall, about 200 yards below the bridge, as before stated, it enters the Goyt, and almost immediately afterwards the combined waters pass under the arches of Marple aqueduct.

siderable; above the wood grows especially that beautiful sweet-scented kind dedicated in name to the nymphs of the hills, who once upon a time danced round Diana—

"Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades."

Many are the elegant and poetical names borne by our ferns and wild-flowers, and even by mosses and water-weeds,—yet none perhaps excel this of the fern called *Oreopteris*. It is well to be reminded by them that scientific nomenclature is something more than Greek and Latin, and a burden for the memory, and that all the best and oldest portion of it lies bosomed in poesy. The mythical Oreads themselves are not required, for we have better ones in our live companions, but of the memory of them it would be an irreparable loss to be despoiled:—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dell, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason;
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names."

Returning into Cheshire by the bridge, it is easy to find the way over Werneth-Lowe to Hyde or Woodley. Remaining in Derbyshire, Charlesworth Coombs will be a great reward, or upon the opposite side of the line,

after returning to the station, the Mottram moors. The ascent is of course steep in any case. Should it be preferred to keep close by,—after crossing the river, ascend the western incline of the valley for a little distance, then enter, upon the right, the pretty grove called "Bottoms-Hall wood," the winding path through which conducts imperceptibly back to the village.

The "Mottram" now being spoken of, is, of course, quite a different one from that near Prestbury, and for distinction sake, is geographically called "in-Longdendale," the other being properly "Mottram-St-Andrew." The district of which it is the heart constitutes the north-eastern extremity of the county of Cheshire, the very end of all, in the extreme east, being "Featherbed moss," divided from Yorkshire by Salter's brook. It is noted for its bold and romantic scenery, and for the altitude of the locality of the church, which becomes, in consequence, a conspicuous object for many miles in all directions, much after the same manner as that of Marple. The date of the original building was 1478. In 1855 the whole fabric was renewed, and in respect of its ornamental and architectural details, ancient and modern, it is now exceedingly interesting. The tower contains eight musical bells, the ringers of which are famed for their scientific handling of the ropes.

Once in the midst of these hills, it is impossible to go wrong for delight of eye. Fixing a point beforehand is nevertheless the most advantageous; and so, skipping

much, we will next take GLOSSOP,—or rather "Howard-town," the place really intended when "Glossop" is spoken of, (at all events by men of business,) and which is the modern offspring of the adjacent and antiquated village with name that has outlived its fortunes.

Glossop is reached by a branch from the main Sheffield line, that runs down upon the right, immediately after we cross the lofty and celebrated "Dinting Viaduct." It has a thriving aspect; the streets are clean; two large cotton-mills give employment, when times are good, to over six thousand "hands;" and the pleasant air that sweeps from the circling hills renders it easy to believe that the doctors have little to do except with contributions for the census. The surrounding country is bold, picturesque, and remarkably varied; it abounds with pleasant walks, and although in some parts there is arduous work before all is completed, no portion is inaccessible, even to ladies, or in any way unsuitable for them. The best is found by going along the Hayfield road as far as the Charlestown toll-bar, opposite which we take the paved path across the grass, thence ascending through the fir plantation, and here we begin to feel what the neighbourhood is like. Upon the left are moorlands, which, in autumn, glow with the purple of the heather bloom; and, in spring, have their brown flanks variegated with green patches of whortleberry; here and there they are dotted with white "shooting-boxes;" and upon the uppermost ridge, in bold relief

against the sky, may be discerned the jutting rocks called the "Worm-stones." Down in the hollow stands "Gnat-hole Mill," gray and ivied, as befits the oldest in the district, the date of the erection being about 1760. The cloth manufactured at this mill is the peculiar drab worn by Quakers, and is reputed the best of the kind in England.

Pursuing our course up the hill, we presently reach Lees Hall. Here a steep lane turns down upon the left, leading to "Lees-hall dingle," a pretty little retreat, which yet is not a solitude, so full is it of life, with a babbling stream, bound with tribute for the Etherowe, and a waterfall, half-hidden by the trees. Beyond the waterfall the bank is covered with the *Phegopteris*, or beech-fern. The great elevation immediately above, is "Whiteley Nab," and should on no account be left unclimbed. Glorious views are obtained from the summit, and, on summer mornings, very early, are visible even Chester and the sea.

Retracing our steps, we cross the brook a short distance below the waterfall, then proceed along the field-path into the road, Gnat-hole mill reappearing in front, and then almost immediately turn upon the right into a beech-wood, called "Gnat-hole dingle," dry and pleasant as beech-woods always are, and with another stream and waterfall. Emerging from the dingle, those who are tired readily find their way back to Howard-town: the hearty should first go a little way up the road above Gnat-hole mill, and glance at Castle-hill, (an ancient

Roman station,) and at Shire-hill — the latter a great tree-covered pyramid, that might have been tossed there in pastime by the Titans. Continuing along the Hayfield road, we get to the village of that name, the readiest point of access to Kinder-Scout,—that

> "——— Mountain huge, whose broad bare back
> Upheaves into the sky,"

and of which, Whiteley Nab, &c., are buttresses ;—also to the beautiful cataract called "Kinder Downfall." For Hayfield, however, it is rather nearer to go by way of Newmills, the station next beyond Disley, on the Buxton line.

Resuming the main Sheffield line at Dinting, we presently reach Hadfield, the nearest station for Tintwistle and the neighbourhood, and shortly afterwards travel alongside of the chief of the great reservoirs that supply Manchester with water. The railway here passes through the valley of the Etherowe, which rising in the moors above Woodhead, has at this part been converted, by damming up, into five successive *quasi*-lakes,—not so picturesque perhaps as some others that we have seen, but still furnishing an agreeable spectacle as the train rolls past the margin. Adding the reservoirs situated at Godley and Denton, the surface of these noble waterworks represents nearly 500 acres.* As far as Godley,

* Woodhead, 135; Torside, 160; Rhodes-wood, 54; Arnfield, 39; Hollingworth, 13; Godley, 18; Gorton, 13; Denton, 57.—Total, 489.

the water is conveyed through stone conduits, six feet high, inside measurement. Thence, to Denton, it is sent through an iron pipe forty inches in diameter; and thence it moves to Ardwick, where the town arteries commence. It is from Denton, accordingly, that Manchester receives its direct supply of water, and Denton being 200 feet above the level of the Exchange, of course it is from this place that the pressure is communicated, and not, as commonly supposed, from the Etherowe-valley reservoirs. The collecting-grounds of these great water-works extend from ten miles beyond Woodhead down to the village of Hyde, and are nearly 19,000 acres in extent. They consist chiefly of moorland, covered with immense sponges of peat, which retaining the rain, serve a purpose corresponding to that of the snows and glaciers upon the Alps, so varied are the ways in which the munificence of nature is expressed. The scheme of the Manchester water-works appears to be perfect. In the first week of October 1865, "when," says Mr Curtis, "owing to the deficiency of rain during the previous months, Blackburn, Ashton-under-Lyne, and other places were restricted to one or two hours' daily supply, and Liverpool had a full supply for only a few days longer, the Manchester Corporation had on hand full seven to eight weeks' daily supply. The daily supply of water to Manchester is about twenty-four millions of gallons, consequently at that time there were about a thousand millions of gallons on hand. A fall of rain

one inch deep over the surface of the 19,000 acres of collecting-ground, is equivalent to nearly 430 millions of gallons.*

How many a day's enjoyment, amid the very scenes this book describes, has been neutralised by that self-same rain! While the ladies vainly seek to protect lank wet muslin with dripping parasols, and bachelors in the rear are shaking with internal laughter, no one gives a thought to the Woodhead moors. But ruin to the one is profit to the other, and if the landscape be drenched, there are millions of gallons for domestic comfort. Not pleasant is it, certainly, when we have started in the sunshine, to find some dark cloud beginning to dissolve; —worse still, when it turns to a steady down-pour, or when noiseless and slanting lines forbid all hope;—yet, though all plans be spoiled, if there come but a gleam from the west, there is still a solace to be extracted, for never is the sense of the life and energy of nature stronger than when the sun is shining upon trees and plants besprent with rain-drops.

Mounting to the moors, at the entrance to the Woodhead tunnel, (by the brook-side,) we come to a clough, a waterfall, and the beginnings of the river Derwent;—crossing the Etherowe, there is a fine walk to Tintwistle, and thence over the moors to Staley-Brushes. All this while, be it remembered, though travelling by the Sheffield railway, we have not once touched Yorkshire,

* *Manchester Courier*, Jan. 13, 1866.

Cheshire sending up its "eagle's wing," and Derbyshire its northern angle, to bar the way. Yorkshire is not reached till we have run through the tunnel, which it is well, however, to encounter, for the sake of WHARNCLIFFE CRAGS.

These belong to Sheffield rather than to the Manchester district, but they are so easily reached, and of late years have become so favourite a place of resort, that they seem to prefer a claim to be included, especially as they are several miles nearer than Combermere.

The crags form the brow of one of the hills included in that great range which extends from Staffordshire to Westmoreland, and to which all our other high hills belong. The commencement is just beyond the village of Wortley, at which place there is a station; while another, at Oughty-Bridge, allows of the ground being traversed without touching any part twice. Though only six miles from Sheffield, so lonely and so lofty is this grand ridge, that we seem to be leagues away from cities and chimneys. Except where the rocks protrude, and on the moorlands in the rear, the place is one emphatically of Trees. On every hand we are sensible of their grateful influence, and save for the railway in the valley below, might suppose that we were in the famous "Wortley Chase," of the time of Henry VIII., when the huntsman came hither to "hear the hart's bell." The descent to Oughty-Bridge—which parties from Manchester seldom avail themselves of, being content to go simply

to the crags, and back again to Wortley station, is singularly beautiful. The views from the summit of the crags are grand and extensive, the scenery partaking of the character of that of Derbyshire, on the confines of which county the district closely borders.

The historical associations are also very pleasing. At Wharncliffe lived for some time after her marriage, the most famous of English literary ladies, that celebrated *bel esprit*, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, at eight years old, a beautiful and sparkling child, was caressed by the Kit-Cat Club; and who, browsing away her teens upon languages and poetry, at twenty translated the "Encheiridion" of Epictetus. Her appreciation of the fine character of the Wharncliffe scenery appears in one of her letters from Avignon. A century and a half before, on these rocks and woods had probably often fallen the eyes of Mary Queen of Scots, who passed twelve years of her captivity, commencing A.D. 1570, in the neighbouring castle of Sheffield, the same in which Wolsey stayed a few days when on his way to Leicester. Wharncliffe Hall gardens, situated close to the village of Wortley, though not remarkable, are very pleasing.

The Woodhead tunnel may again be endured for the sake of WENTWORTH, the magnificent seat of Earl Fitzwilliam. This beautiful place, truly excellent for a summer day-trip, lies about three miles and a half from "Wath," a station upon the South Yorkshire portion of the Sheffield railway-system. Changing at Penistone

into the Doncaster train, Wath is reached before long, and from Wath there is a good carriage-road all the way.

Almost at the very point of departure, when taking the Sheffield line, is a place of as great interest as any that have been named, though all is *below* ground instead of above. At DUKINFIELD, the immense coal-deposit which extends from the north-west of Derbyshire to the south-west of Lancashire, (forming a somewhat crescent-like figure, with a span of 40 miles,) has had shafts carried into it of nearly 700 yards in depth. This is deeper than has ever been attempted elsewhere; and the visitor who may have the curiosity to go down, is, when at the bottom of the shaft, at a lower point beneath the surface of the earth than is possible at present in any other part of the world. The principal mine is called the "Astley Deep Pit." The boring of this was commenced in the year 1847,—not at first with the idea of pushing to so tremendous a depth,—and when 476 yards had been accomplished, further movement downwards was suspended. In 1857, however, it was determined to try for a valuable and extensive seam of coal, known as the "Black Mine;" and at last, at the depth of 686 yards, this was reached, to the great joy of all concerned. This particular seam, it is calculated, will last for upwards of thirty years, at the rate of 500 tons per day, while the entire pit will supply coal for at least a century.

All the pits at Dukinfield, and in the neighbourho

are interesting to naturalists, being storehouses, more or less rich, of some of the most beautiful fossils known to science. In the shaly substance that forms the roof of the coal-seams, are innumerable specimens of those handsome scarred and fluted slabs that represent the plants of the era when the coal-deposits were formed, and especially of those which, having their leaf-scars disposed like diaper-work, have been named *Sigilla'rias*, or "Seal-impressed plants." There are many different species found in a mine, and many different varieties of diaper, nearly every species partaking of this elegant character; so that in the ancient times when the plants were alive, and formed jungle-like forests, whatever the supposed dreariness caused by their want of showy flowers, it must have been compensated by the ornamentation of the stems, which seem to have been to the stems of all other plants, recent as well as fossil, what Norman porches architecturally are to plain ones. The thinnest veins of coal are in general the best preservers of the remains in question; and those veins are the richest, and contain the most perfect specimens, which have the quick slope called a "dip"—a circumstance accounted for by supposing that, owing to the dip, the water drained away at the period when the vegetable matter had newly accumulated.

To survey one of these grand and strange museums of Nature's antiques is in a measure comparable with a visit to Herculaneum or Pompeii. A past world lies

illustrated before us, in pictures "of the period," and what is wanting in vestiges of man has its set-off in the profoundness of the antiquity. Far more ancient are these black repositories of extinguished life than the foot-printed sandstone of Lymm. Unlike the Trias, moreover, they point to a period of amazing exuberance of terrestrial vegetation, some of which probably grew near where the remains are now found, while other portions were probably drifted from a distance; lakes and estuaries becoming choked with the accumulated debris, and the whole, in course of time, becoming covered up with

FIG. 26.
Calamite.

FIG. 27.
Lepidodendron.

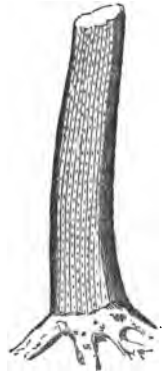


FIG. 28.
Sigillaria.

(All in miniature.)

the earthy deposits that pressed all hard and flat, and which now constitute the overlying strata. The general aspect of the plants of the period referred to may be judged of from that of the Tree-ferns, Equisetums, and

Lycopodiums that now exist with us, only that everything was immensely large and luxuriant. As for the earthy deposits that covered all up, they are manifestly the sediment of great seas during the lapse of unfathomable ages.*

Starting by the London and North-western line *viâ* Staleybridge to Huddersfield, we presently come to Mossley, and are then in the midst of the mountains. A fine walk hence is to Chew Brook. The next station beyond Mossley is GREENFIELD, whence we may initiate another up to the celebrated mountain-wilderness called "Seal-Bark," first ascending the hill, which has a deep valley upon the right, and Greenfield-brook hastening along the bottom, on its way to join the Tame,—the little river that waters Haughton Dale, and flows past Arden Hall. The slopes are capital places for mountain botanising, there being not only the accustomed whortleberry and crowberry, *Em'petrum ni'grum*, but abundance of that pretty little English "everlasting" called *Antenna'ria dioi'ca*, with pink blossoms, and in the boggy ground near the pastures, *Hyper'icum Elo'des*. Less than half an hour's moderate progress from the station

* By the kindness of Mr John Plant, of the Peel Park Museum, I am enabled to give the names of the principal fossil vegetables of the Manchester coal-measures, or such as may be found upon the waste-heaps and in the grit-quarries. They include species of *Lepidodendron*, and of its fruit, called *Lepidostrobus*; *Sigillaria*; the roots of the latter, called *Stigmaria*; *Calamites*, and their fruit; *Ulodendron*; *Poacites*; *Sphenophyllum*; *Asterophyllites*; *Neuropteris*; *Sphenopteris*; *Pecopteris*; and *Cyclopteris*. Specimens of all of these may be seen at Peel Park, and in the museum of the Manchester Geological Society.

brings us to the "Moorcock," a wayside inn popularly known as "Bill's o' Jack's,"—a form of name eminently characteristic of the neighbourhood. Here, on April 2, 1832, was perpetrated a savage murder. Two gamekeepers were the victims; and partly from the frightful nature of the crime,—in these quiet retreats unprecedented,—partly from the circumstance of the motives never being ascertained, and the murderers never discovered, it created a profound and memorable sensation. Pursuing the road for about four miles, we reach the inn called, on account of the great elevation of the ground, the "Isle of Skye," and another four miles, did we continue, would see us at Holmfirth. The moors, for more than a mile on the Greenfield side of the "Isle of Skye," are plentifully strewed with the cloud-berry, *Ru'bus Chamæmo'rus*, growing in patches among the whortles, &c.; and when, in the middle of August, covered with its rich orange-red fruit, which resembles a large blackberry of very few grains, presenting a most bright and pretty spectacle. The fruit is not cared for by the grouse, and being of agreeable flavour, is collected for sale, and finds purchasers at 2s. 6d. per quart.

For Seal-Bark, we must diverge to the right at "Bill's o' Jack's," and descending through the plantation, and scaling the wall, make our way to the margin of the brook, which has then to be met for a mile or two. The mountains here are truly grand, craggy at the summits, totally destitute of building, and with their sides either

quite bare, or rough with coarse and heathery vegetation, above which there is scarcely ever seen a tree. As a wood is best learned by following up one of its streams to near the source, so is it with a mountain-range; and that we soon discover here, valleys and ravines disclosing wild sublimity on every hand. The stream is rapid and plentiful, the water gliding, and sliding, and tumbling in every possible manner that can constitute beauty of liquid-movement, great stones checking its progress, and causing little cascades innumerable, with limpid sweeps, and here and there deep brown hollows filled to the brim, and recesses either white as snow with reposing foam, or covered with processions of little water-cupolas, that swim round and round, and seem to rejoice, the first that arrive from the current moving in single file, then re-entering just as the dancers do under the arch of lifted arms in "Sir Roger de Coverley." Prettiest of all perhaps is it when the water slips down smooth slopes all unawares. The stream is fed by many tributaries, that tumble from great heights, and, just before we reach Seal-Bark, by a large one that comes down a ravine called Rimmon Clough. At the corner of this, at a vast height, is Ravenstone-brow, a projecting crag, where, some years ago, ravens were accustomed to perch and build, and are even yet to be seen in small numbers.* The moors on the left are called "Fox-holes," on account of the number of foxes that formerly

* *Crede* Mr Bolton, Mossley, and Mr James Walker.

abode there. Sixteen were once killed in a day, but now not one remains. (*Crede* Mr Bolton.)

Seal-Bark Rocks seem the broken bones of a ruined mountain, carried to the summit of the precipice, and flung over as so much waste. Scrambling among them and the great masses of tall whortle that fill the spaces between, so enormous is the confusion that we are cast back in thought to the earliest throes of chaos, which here seems to have a memento. Refreshing is it at the same moment, to see the one solitary mountain-ash, with its delicate and acacia-like foliage, that gives to its locality the name of Wicken-hole — "wicken" or "quicken" being the local appellation borne by this beautiful tree—and to note the pretty spring of water called "Fair-well." To continue over the moors is a work of great labour, so that, for the return, it is best to retrace our steps along the margin of the stream.

If, instead of going up to "Bill's o' Jack's," we bear to the left of the road, hard by appears a summit called "Pots-and-Pans," a name with as little euphony in it as the former, and quite as characteristic of the district. It has reference to a great quantity of rough and dissevered rock upon the summit, of the same general character as the fragments at Seal-Bark, but in several places seeming to bear the marks of rude tools, which tradition or fancy associates with the Druids. There seems to be no doubt that druidical remains have been found in the neighbourhood. The interest of

the place consists in its elevation, pure mountain air, purple heather, and commanding views, though the expanse is much too copiously strewed with buildings, chiefly connected with manufactures, for the prospect to be called a "rural" one. The best way down is by the Saddleworth side, so as to vary the walk, and rejoin the railway line at Saddleworth station, the distance of which from Greenfield is but a trifle.

Let us now explore the country reached by way of the old "Lancashire and Yorkshire" line *viâ* Rochdale. Like the Sheffield line, it does not actually enter Yorkshire for a very considerable distance, not indeed until we are through Todmorden, which place, though commonly supposed to be in Yorkshire, from the fact of its being at the other extremity of the great tunnel, is in reality in the county of the red rose, standing upon the very confines.

Lancashire, except in some of the southern and western districts, is not inferior in picturesque beauty to any average part of England. Leaving out of consideration the remote portions that are comprised in the "lake country," Cartmel, Windermere, Coniston, &c., the eastern and central portions, tending northwards, justly reckon superior to the run of what is popularly called "English scenery;" and were the country possessed of a finer climate, and of a more diversified and luxuriant vegetation, it would compare with anything, unbroken

by lake or sea, that tourists are prone to admire. In respect of population, Lancashire ranks first among the counties of England; in respect of size, as the fifth; in the combined possession of a fine port, and of inexhaustible coal-mines, it is superior to all. Against these advantages have to be placed,—a late spring, an indifferent soil, ill suited to the requirements of the farmer, and a temperature that in summer is rarely otherwise than low,—the mean for Manchester, as observed by Dr Dalton during fourteen years, was 49° 52′. In productiveness of other kinds, all the world knows what Lancashire is. Stupendous triumphs of practical science and of mechanical art; an energetic spirit, resulting in the development of whole communities; politicians such as Lord Derby and Lord Stanley, Mr Gladstone and Mr Cardwell; first steps in the formation of railways, public parks, and free libraries, and in movements to reduce the price of bread, and to shorten the hours of labour,—these are the things that mark Lancashire; and if there were not a tree or a pretty landscape in the county, it would still be pre-eminent.

Trees, however, *do* exist; and many a sweet hillside and romantic clough invites our steps. The number of such recesses in the south-eastern part of the country is beyond belief till they are actually trodden, and if, generally speaking, Lancashire be not so eligible for holiday-visits as Derbyshire and Mid-Cheshire, it is not that the country is void of natural beauties, but that the immensity

of the population makes of it one vast *urbs in rure.* Towns, villages, houses, factories, print-works, dye-works, chimneys with their black pennons, innumerable,—these constitute a part of nearly every Lancashire scene; and, as must inevitably happen, the roads become blackened, and the streams of water discoloured, while, where the people stand thick together, every glen, and grove, and clough shows the tracks of the boy-Philistines that here abound. Begrudge them not their hips and haws,—there is plenty of room for all; but do not expect to find in manufacturing Lancashire a picturesque locality that is free from foot-marks.

The first place of note upon this line is the cluster of glens and dells reached either from Heywood or Rochdale, and the entrance to which is well known thereabouts as Simpson Clough. The dells are disposed in the form of a V, the upper extremities again forked and feathering away till they merge into fields, while down every dell comes a stream, rushing over large stones, the whole eventually united at the angle of the V, and soon afterwards swelling the river Roch, which carries the water into the Irwell, not far from Radcliffe. There are many modes of making acquaintance with this famous place, which is the more interesting from the circumstance of its having been one of the favourite resorts of that fine old band of botanical patriarchs, Crowther, Hobson, Horsfield, and Crozier. Going from Heywood, (a rather tedious preliminary, but not easily superseded by a better,) we make

first for the aforesaid Simpson Clough, and in a little while ascend by the path among the trees upon the left, and so into some fields and to the edge of a precipice, from which is obtained a capital view of this part of the dells, and of the mountains that lie beyond them. Dobb-wood should then be entered, so as to meet Cheesedenbrook; then, in their turns we may explore Windy-cliff wood, Carr-wood, and Jowkin-wood. The portions to the right are Ashworth-wood and Bamford-wood; the stream through the latter is "Norden-water."

Exact routes through these dells it is impossible to prescribe, so much must depend upon taste and leisure. Suffice it to say that the extent, the beauty, and the wildness require repeated visits to be appreciated. There is more than one pretty natural lawn in the curves of the stream, where the silence has been broken by picnics and music: in dry weather ladies may venture into most parts with perfect safety, but they must come prepared for four or five miles, (reckoning from Heywood station,) and possibly a few adventures. All who go round deserve to be commemorated as Bamford heroines.

Compared with Cheshire, Bamford-wood, (as it is customary to designate the whole,) is on the average a fortnight later in escaping from winter. Spring's "curled darlings" have already stepped into the green parlours of the Bollin valley, when here scarcely a leaf is open; even the palm-willow, always ready for the earliest reconnoitring bee of April, is cautious and dilatory. The

most interesting plant of the wood is *Rubus saxat'ilis*, found in abundance near Coal-bank bridge, but rarely flowering. On the dry slopes is often to be seen the betony, the leaves of which yield to none in the elegant design of their margin. The blue Jasione, and many ferns and graceful grasses are to be found here; in fact, all the sylvan vegetation of the district is represented in one part or another of the dells.

FIG. 29.
Leaf of Betony.

Going on to Littleborough, we approach HOLLINGWORTH LAKE, — the extensive and beautiful sheet of water which of late years has become so popular a resort. A lake, in the proper sense of the word, it is not, but like the water at Rudyard and Lymm, an immense reservoir. It was constructed about sixty years ago, to supply, in part, the Manchester and Rochdale Canal, receiving its clear waters in the first instance from the moors above. The circumference, which is very irregular, exceeds two miles. So completely removed is the water from the highways and the sight of buildings, that no one coming upon it from the countryside could suppose he was quite close to a great manufacturing district, nor is this perceived without mounting the hills. The ground rises high upon every side, and in the distance are mountains that forcibly bring to mind the scenery of the lake

district, while in the wild and rugged grandeur they give to the landscape, we have an agreeable contrast to the smooth and tender beauty of the meres of Cheshire. The best view is obtained from the "Pavilion."

Moving to the eastern extremity of the lake, (at which part, when the water is low, may be gathered the *Littorel'la lacus'tris*,) a fine addition to the day's pleasure is obtained by the exploration of Whiteley Dean—one of those great untrodden moorland valleys which show what was once the condition of the whole district. After keeping some little way by the stream side, in the sound of its incessant sweet babble, we may ascend, without toil, to the lofty summit that towers upon the right, above the small reservoir, and which is known by a rude obelisk upon its plateau. A magnificent view is here obtained. Oldham, Rochdale, and tree-crested Tandle-hill lie at our feet,—Manchester may be seen with the aid of an opera-glass; beyond Littleborough there are the piles of hills that have Brown-wardle for their centre, (so called because formerly a place for "watch and ward,") and again at our feet lies Hollingworth Lake.

Plenty of curious plants may be found in the Dean. In searching for them beware, however, of the treacherous beds of bog-moss, for wherever its bright green enriches the surface, the ground is saturated with wet, and we may sink deeper than our shoe-tops. It is safest in these parts to place the foot, wherever possible, upon a stiff brown clump of crowberry or heath. Descending

from the plateau, we have the opportunity of finding that extremely rare moss, the *Atrichum laxifolium,* which grows in the bed of the mountain-torrent towards the left; and here also, among the grit, are found fragments of stems of Calamites. So little of nature's archæology can be read upon the surface, near Manchester—scarcely any, indeed, is within access, except in those great bituminised herbariums—the coal-pits—that to pick up such relics in our path is a pleasant novelty.

While standing upon the western borders of the lake, or traversing it in the little steamer, and even from the platform of the station below, we may observe protruding from the crest of the highest hill upon the Yorkshire side, some curious masses of rock. These indicate the point to aim at, when wishful to inspect the remarkable old roadway which mounts over the hill a little to the left of the crags, and which is attributed to the Romans. Littleborough was an important Roman station, and many relics left from the time of the Roman occupancy have been discovered; no ruins, however, are traceable, except a portion of the site of some of the defences, now bearing on the summit the ancient mansion called "Windy-bank." Not easy is it to realise to the imagination what Manchester and the neighbourhood were then like. Much of the surrounding district was covered with forest, in which the wolf and the wild boar found shelter; on the rocky and precipitous banks beside the confluence of the Medlock or "Fair-water,"

with the Irwell or "Western-torrent," (for such is the signification of these ancient British names,) was established a body of Roman soldiers; and here and there were a few huts, constituting the "Mancenion" of some half-naked and blue-stained Celts. The time of the Roman settlement upon the spot we now call Campfield is stated by Tacitus to have been A.D. 79.*

To find the old highway, proceed from Littleborough up the Blackstone-edge road, passing, upon the left, the noted "Lydgate Inn," a portion of which is believed to have been built in the twelfth century, and where it is well to accept the invitation upon the sign-board—

> This gate hangs well, and hinders none;
> Refresh and pass, and travel on.

For the subsequent climb is toilsome, and until we return from the ridge, there is no other opportunity. Next, going past the turnpike, look out for the protruding crags above referred to, and at the height of about a quarter of a mile will be discovered a belt of massive pavement, about forty feet in width, quite smooth, and more or less overgrown with whortle and crowberry. So bright is the colour of this covering, compared with that of the contiguous vegetation, that when the air is clear, and the sunshine favourably subdued, the road

* Respecting the Roman remains in our neighbourhood, and the roads formed by the Romans, see Whitaker's and Aikin's Histories of Manchester. Concerning the Roman roads in general, see the learned work of Marsilus, *Danubius, Pannonico Mysicus*, &c., 1726, in the Chetham Library.

may be plainly discerned from the opposite side of the valley, appearing on the steep slope of the hill as a regular and well-defined streak of green, that mounts steadily towards the top. Arrived at the summit, a few yards over the level brow, we find the boundary-stone between the counties, and from this point may trace the road onwards for a considerable distance. The projecting rocks should by all means be visited. Legend connects with them the name of Robin Hood, who, if ever here, beheld one of the grandest prospects in Lancashire. Hollingworth Lake dwindles to a tarn, and Brown-wardle seems only a hillock. For we are now upon the top of BLACKSTONE-EDGE—the Lancashire portion of that great vertebral mountain-chain already made acquaintance with on more than one occasion, and it seems as if we were pacing the walls of a kingdom. The crown of the Edge, here so well displayed, is huge and desolate moorland, and in these lonesome mountain-wastes yet abides the old magnificent stillness that was first invaded by the clash of the Roman arms. The flanks, on the other hand, as elsewhere in the range, abound in the picturesque,—precipitous crags, swelling knolls, and tufts of wood, with pretty little receding vales and cloughs, the chief of which have been long since rendered populous by the hearty and comely race whose daughters are "Lancashire witches," and which in this neighbourhood is better illustrated than in any other portion of the county. Why "Lancashire *witches?*" Lancashire has

always been a noted place for belief in ideal beings,—though, it must be admitted, only for those of an inferior order. Not more strongly was faith placed in Dryads and Oreads by

"The lively Grecian in his land of hills,"

than belief has been, from time immemorial, in "boggarts," by the simple-minded aborigines of Lancashire. In one way or another, every pretty place of a sequestered character has had some superstitious tale or personage connected with it,—at all events in the mountainous districts of the eastern borders; and when we look around, and consider how suggestive is the country in respect of mild and innocent diablerie, it is scarcely more than would be expected—woods, glens, ravines, cloughs, waterfalls, deep shades, these are the very places to develop whatever latent tendency there may exist towards demonology. On August 6, 1612, there were tried at Lancaster no less than nineteen old women charged with witchcraft; and so great a sensation did the superstitious narrative of "Loynd's wife" create in 1633, that just as tales of horror get dramatised now-a-days for fairs and shows, did the story, 230 years ago, of the "Witches of Lancashire."

Herein, according to some, is the origin of the phrase in question. By a gallant transfer, we are told, the name soon acquired its present very different signification; and, truly, nothing better or so good could have

been done with it, since Lancashire's bonny daughters need no instructor in the art of sorcery. In youth, with eyelids delicate as flower-petals;—in maturity, reminding us of Ceres;—the best part of the charm they work is still not discovered till the end; for not the deepest witchery is that which captures, but that which holds in meshes that wax stronger every day, and makes the enchantress more beloved when old and faded even than when shining in life's roseate and clad in lilies. Theirs is

> ——"The light which never wintry blast
> Blows out, nor rain, nor snow extinguishes—
> The light that shines from loving eyes upon
> Eyes that love back, till they can see no more."

But fair countenances existed in Lancashire long before there was demonology, and plausible as the above solution may appear, the use of the phrase dates undiscoverably farther back. Mr Baines, in the "History of Lancashire," (i. 571,) quotes a passage from an old manuscript in the Bodleian collection, bearing the date of 1602, in which it occurs in the plainest form; and that the association of female beauty with Lancashire is no late matter of comment may be judged also from quaint old Fuller, who, in the "Worthies of England," expresses his hearty belief that "the God of nature having given fair complexions to the women of this country, Art may save her paines (not to say her sinnes) in endeavouring to better them," (ii. 107.)

Early literature may some day, perhaps, throw further light upon it; meantime, we can repose in the consciousness of how well the appellation is deserved.

Descending from Blackstone-edge, it is best, on approaching the Lydgate Inn, to cross the fields upon the left, and so through the ferny glen called Clegg's-wood. A few more fields, all very pleasant, then bring us to the margin of Hollingworth Lake, the distance from which to Littleborough is considerably under a mile.

Todmorden, soon reached after running through the Littleborough tunnel, is situated at the junction of three picturesque valleys, with a surrounding country of hill and glen, and full of fine moorland scenery, such as may well have called forth the noted descriptions given in "Scarsdale." Many spots of historical interest are pointed out in the neighbourhood. Along the eastern hill-sides, eighteen centuries ago, marched the legions of Agricola; Todmorden Hall was one of the chief houses of the ancient and powerful family of Radclyffe, famous in chronicle and in legendary song; Whitaker, the antiquary, and Archbishop Tillotson were both born in the vicinity; and coming down to our own day, and noting its specialities, those Athenian characters who, in respect of ferns, are ever wanting "some new thing," are in Todmorden amply provided for.* The high grounds that overlook the town supply abundant scope for en-

* At Messrs Stansfield & Son's Nurseries.

joyment, and in Whit-week are the well-chosen resort of thousands of visitors.

There are two places, however, at a little distance, that deserve each a separate exploration. These are PORTSMOUTH and HARDCASTLE CRAGS.

Portsmouth, so named by a sailor who was born here, and came back in his old age, is five or six miles up the Burnley Valley. There are very few houses; the attraction consists in the glorious hillside walks, and in "Green's Clough." Like the other cloughs in the millstone-grit mountains, it is wild, rugged, and precipitous, with down the centre, a torrent of clear water, the vapour from which encourages luxuriance of vegetation, and especially the growth of *mosses*, of which many curious and interesting species are here to be found. At the top of the clough is one of the most singular and beautiful spectacles nature presents. A small and abandoned tunnel in the hillside, not large enough to stand upright in, is covered over the whole of the interior surface with the "shining cavern-moss,"—the same as that mentioned as growing by the waterfall at Alderley. When viewed at the proper angle, the entire side of the cave gleams with green and golden light, that comes and goes with every inclination of the head, just as the colours of a lady's shot-silk dress vary to and fro with the movement of the limbs. This exquisite little plant bears removal to a fernery, and, if placed in a moist and shady recess, formed of pieces of rock, will grow as well

as in its native habitats, every crevice that it creeps into becoming a seam of phosphorescence.

From Todmorden to Portsmouth, it is best to go by rail. The return should be made on foot, as we then see the majestic hills and beetling cliffs, especially that wonderful rock that, peering over the crest of the mountain, is so like an eagle about to spring from its eyrie, that it is known as the Eagle's Crag. The trees, which were mostly planted by Dr Whitaker,* between 1784 and 1799, (to the number of 422,000, on the entire estate,) form a continuing spectacle of great beauty. Among them are many which we perceive by their white pillars to be birches. The form of the leaf of this most graceful tree is rather variable, but generally speaking, it is well marked enough for identification, even if we possess no fragment of the silvery bark. (See next page.)

Hardcastle Crags are reached by going five or six miles further up the main line, when we reach Hebden Bridge, distant from Manchester, like Portsmouth, about twenty-four. Passing through the little town, and ascending by steep defiles reckoned as "streets," in the direction of Heptonstall—a hamlet perched upon the very summit of the hill—the road to the Crags changes, when

* Not the historian of Manchester, with whom this amiable man has often been confounded, but Dr Thomas Dunham Whitaker, the Vicar of Whalley, and subsequently of Blackburn. Dr John Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, was Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, in Cornwall, where he died in 1808. The Vicar of Blackburn died in 1821.

about half-way up, to a level one, and we find ourselves upon the western slope of Hebden-valley, with the river far beneath, upon the right. The branch valley in front

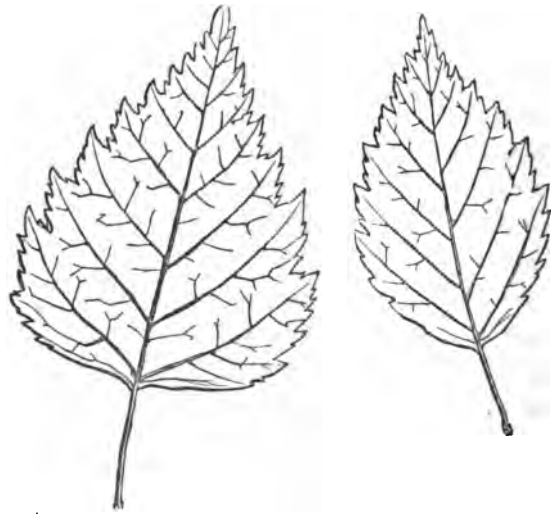


FIG. 30.
Leaves of Birch-tree.

and on the opposite side, is Middle Dean, also with a leaping stream, which becomes confluent with the Hebden near the cluster of buildings called Newbridge. The views along this hill-side path are diversified and pleasing; the vegetation, wherever the trees become scanty, consists largely of whortle-berry and congenerous mountain under-shrubs, — that classic little evergreen, the *Vitis Idæa*, occurring abundantly; and all the way we are within the sound of the river, the rush of which never

ceases, winter or summer. Here and there great masses of rock thrust out their shoulders, as if to bar the way, but the path is always broad and good, until we descend to the river-side, where it becomes somewhat broken. If we please, we may cross the stream by means of a row of stepping-stones, but it is better to follow the path along the margin, and below the trees, (where we are strongly reminded of Bolton Abbey woods,) and to use the bridge at Lord-Holme mill—a place where Bradford goods are manufactured. Arrived at the mill, we continue by the carriage-way, through a plantation, and soon reach the Crags, which consist of singular masses of rock, reared up higher than the trees, and insulated at considerable distances. A long afternoon may be well spent in the examination of them and of the surrounding objects, everything being here that a lover of nature can desire.

The best way to return is by the broad path on the eastern side of the river, this being not only shorter and easier, but giving entirely different views. An hour-and-a-half's walk on the one side, or going, and less than an hour's return-walk to Hebden Bridge, will cover the whole distance. Visitors can go the whole way, if they prefer, in a vehicle, and then the run to the Crags is accomplished in twenty minutes or so; and, if time be an object, the carriage-way can, of course, be taken by pedestrians, both for the ascent and the coming back. But the Hebden Bridge extremity of it is rather tedious.

Like the rocks of Whaley-Bridge, Greenfield, and Blackstone-edge, those of the Hebden-valley consist of millstone-grit, alternating with shale. It was in the latter that the late celebrated blacksmith-naturalist, Samuel Gibson, discovered the new and rare species of *Goniatites* described and figured by the late Captain Thomas Brown, in the first volume of the Transactions of the Manchester Geological Society (1841,) and the specimens of which are now in the Peter-street Museum. Gibson's discoveries are said, in the "Transactions," to have been made in "High-green Wood." This is the name commonly given to the whole of the valley from Hebden Bridge upwards to the Crags, and no doubt he had well searched the entire course of the river, along which the shale principally crops out. But the name properly applies only to a portion of the wood at the extreme end of the valley. Gibson's richest discoveries were made, however, not so much here, as in the main Todmorden-valley, during the construction of the railway. "Goniatites" are fossil shells allied to the ammonite. There are about 250 different species, some of which, as *G. Listeri*, are very abundant in the lower coal-measures.

The botany of the valley is rich, yet not materially different from that of any clough close to Manchester, except, perhaps, in regard to certain mosses. *Mnium stella're* and *An'odon Donia'num* grow on shady rocks by the river-side below the Crags, and everywhere the great

wood-rush, *Lu'zula sylvat'ica*, is so inordinately abundant as to have received the local name of "wood-blades."

FIG. 31.

FIG. 32.

Leaves of *Prenan'thes.*

On a ruin, about half-way up, we find the *Prenan'thes*, remarkable for the elegance and the diversity of its leaves, and for the many times subdivided flower-stalks, every one of which supports a yellow blosson.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH LANCASHIRE.

TO Central Lancashire we are introduced by the railways which have their beginnings in the beautiful portion of the Irwell-valley that lies below Prestwich —once little known, except to lovers of quiet green fields, and the shaded path by the river-side. To these, the many sweet walks commencing at Agecroft Bridge were a perennial attraction—Agecroft Park, the neighbourhood of Clifton Aqueduct, and the woods and glens that stretch from Diggle-hill (the great mound just beyond Kersal-moor,) through Prestwich and Stand, for a length of at least two miles, were quite familiar; but to persons uninterested in the charms and productions of nature, the railways gave the first opportunities of seeing what an extent of picturesque surface is contained upon the left of the road to Bury, and at the same time,

of making some sort of acquaintance with it, through the facility of getting to Clifton station. Many who ride upon this line for the first time are surprised to see both meadow and arable so near the town. Yet no part of the neighbourhood is more rich. In June, by the time we reach the end of the footpath, we find ourselves

> " Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those
> Sweet meadows we have traversed ; "—

in autumn we may listen to the corn-crake among the cereals, and when the sickle has been busy, discover that little scarlet flower, which, like Ruth, is unseen before, and that opens its seed-pod by a sort of equinoctial line.

FIG. 33.
Capsule of Pimpernel.

FIG. 34.
The same, enlarged.

The best portions of the Prestwich scenery, and the best modes of approach, and the anemones of Mere clough—those friendly things that never live alone, but "love their own kind, and to dwell among their kindred," —have been described in "Walks and Wild Flowers."

It is unnecessary, accordingly, to do more here than to refer to that little book, and to add that for the geologist, no less than for the botanist, the valley of the Irwell has very considerable attractions. The great ridges we found at Greenfield, &c., though so much loftier, are immensely more ancient than any exposed portion of the country *here*, which ranks probably with the youngest, so to speak, that is anywhere to be met with in the neighbourhood. With the remainder of the chain of hills to which they belong, (commonly called the "Pennine,") those great ridges form the eastern margin of an enormous and very irregular stone basin, tilted up in such a way that the opposite or western edge is concealed far beneath the surface of the ground, nobody knows exactly where, but bearing away towards the Irish sea; and it is *within* or upon the floor of this great basin that all the other Manchester rocks and strata have their foundation. In different portions of its huge lap are deposited the coal strata, (themselves often much elevated from the level on which they were originally deposited, and this at various periods;) then, in ascending order, in some parts there are deposits called "Permian;"* above these, in turn, comes the Trias; and over all, (except on the higher hill-ranges,) is the superficial deposit called "Drift," or sand, clay, and gravel, both stratified and unstratified. This comes of the astounding fact that the

* On account of their being extensively and typically developed in that portion of central and eastern Russia named "Perm."

whole of the immediate neighbourhood of the spot on which Manchester now stands was once deep Sea. At the latest period of that marvellous marine dominion, blocks of ice, containing boulders, floated in it, and wherever great heaps of sand are exposed, there do we behold the remains of ancient beaches or sand-banks, many of which were cut through by the water, while others are charged with pebbles that had been rounded by rolling over and over upon some ancient shore. The higher parts of the surrounding country, as at Greenfield, &c., are free from the deposit of "Drift;" the lower parts, on the other hand, are so thoroughly covered up that the underlying rock can only be seen where cuttings have been made, or where pits have been sunk, or where rivers have worn a channel. Hollows of rocks have often afforded a lodgment, however, for deposits of Drift at much greater elevations than has been the case with sloping rocks of a lower level. Valuable as are the subjacent rocks to man, the Drift is equally so. Take but the single instance of that portion of one of the higher deposits, called the "Boulder-clay," (in some parts of our neighbourhood ninety feet thick,) since it is this which supplies the material used for bricks.

While such is the general character of the deposits around Manchester, at Agecroft is well shown how the first settlings of gravel and sand often themselves became covered with soil at a later period, the material being brought down and diffused by existing rivers, and in

the present instance, by the Irwell, which was evidently, at one time, by no means the narrow stream it is to-day. How broad was the roll of water is shown by the remains of the ancient "river-terraces" of the Irwell-valley, the date of which is, nevertheless, not of the geological kind, indefinitely remote, but probably as near to our own period as that of the first inhabitants of the island.* The source of the Irwell is near Dirpley-hill, a little above Bacup. Some, however, consider it to begin in a rivulet that takes its rise upon Cridden-hill, and which joins the former at Tottington Higher-end. Subsequently it receives the Roch, and (after a well-known and sinuous course through Broughton,) the Irk, and the Medlock.

At Clifton Junction the line divides, the left-hand rails conveying us to Bolton, while those upon the right, going over Clifton Viaduct, bear away to Bury, and constitute the old "East Lancashire." Taking the latter, in a few minutes we are at Radcliffe, or the village by the "red cliffs," which here are rather bold and conspicuous, though the scenery is by no means equal to that of Prestwich. Radcliffe is noted as the ancient seat of the very old and distinguished family of that name; and illustrates the truthfulness of Camden's remark, that no county more abounds than Lancashire with ancient

* See, upon this, and every other point connected with our local geology, Mr John Taylor's admirable "Geological Essays, and the Geology of Manchester." 1864.

families that bear the same name as the place in which they reside.* With Radcliffe also is connected the famous and doleful legend of the Lady Isabel, daughter of one Sir William de Radclyffe, the "white doe," who, as the aborigines still relate, was "put in the pie:"—

"O then," cried out the scullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee,
"O save her life, good master cook,
And make your pyes of me!" †

Running on, and through Bury, we come to SUMMERSEAT, distant, altogether, from Manchester, about thirteen miles. The Irwell, which we lost sight of soon after crossing it at Clifton, here reappears, winding amid trees and cliffs. For about two miles at this part of its course, the eastern side of the valley is abundantly wooded, and although broken by ravines, a very pleasant sylvan walk is obtainable along it as far as Ramsbottom. Wild raspberries grow there, and ferns, and tall and graceful grasses that make arches with their hair-like branches; and on the sunward edges of the steep brows above the river, where we sit down to rest and talk, in September it is sweet to note the lilac blossoms of the heather, and the bells of the blue campanula. Up above, upon the hill-top, is "Grant's Tower," commemorative of the celebrated men whose

* *Britannia*, p. 128 (folio edition of 1789.) See this volume, pp. 127–145, for much curious and original information upon Lancashire.—*Chetham Library.*

† See the ballad, (from a black-letter copy in the British Museum,) in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," p. 234. (Bohn's edition. 1859.)

fortunes commenced, when they were penniless boys, in the valley below, and who are pourtrayed by Dickens in the "Cheeryble Brothers." On the slopes, as we ascend to the tower, we note the delicate flowers of the eyebright, that inside their lilac lips have purple veins and a spot of gold. The opposite, or western side of the valley, is comparatively treeless, and swells into a huge, bare tract of moorland, called Holcombe Hill. At its further extremity stands the lofty landmark familiar as the "Peel Monument."

From Ramsbottom we again run on, now to Helmshore, Accrington, and Blackburn. Near the first-named place, at Haslingden Station, is reached the highest level of the line, and here we are no less than 780 feet above Liverpool low-water mark. Everywhere, on either hand, the country is thickly inhabited, and full of pleasant and picturesque neighbourhoods, with plenty of lofty eminences. That portion of the line which crosses Rishton Moor, after passing Accrington, is the only one that bisects an uncultivated and unoccupied country.

Six miles before reaching Preston, we come to Hoghton station, so named from the celebrated old mansion that crowns the hill upon the left, and which in the views from the grass in front, and the delightful surrounding woodlands, is a charming place to visit. The ascent from the station is through lanes, and fields, and a plantation, and on emerging from this, we are close

to the building called HOGHTON TOWER, antiquated, spacious, (now in great measure a semi-ruin,) and of the period of Queen Elizabeth. The stone was obtained from a quarry in the adjacent park, which "in former tyme," says the old chronicler, was "so full of tymber that a man passing through it could scarcely have seen the sun shine at mid-day." Trees still adorn it with their stately towers of verdure, but no portion can any longer be called forest-like. From the slope in front of the ancient gateway we see the estuary of the Ribble, and the sea, glorious in the sheen of sunset; on the left, the Welsh mountains; in front, those of the Lake district, and upon the right, Pendle Hill and its noble adjuncts. Towards the right of the gateway, we find access to ferny precipices; and by going to the back of the Tower, may enter a covert of young beech-trees, green as a child's heart, during those few fair weeks in early summer while their leaves are still translucent, and make arbours of vegetable lace. At this period the leaf is fringed with fine white hairs,—by July every hair has disappeared, and the leaf becomes thicker and darker

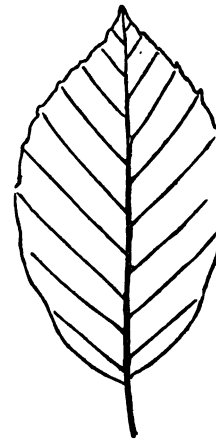


FIG. 35.
Beech-leaf.

hued. Traversing this little beech-grove, and skirting the brink of a great stone-quarry upon the left, we may find our way, by steep and winding paths among the trees, to the valley below, where runs the Darwen on its way to the Ribble. Between the foot of the wood and the bank of the river, lies, however, a broad water-shed. To cross this, move a little distance to the right, where there is a bridge. The proper name of this valley is said to be the "Orr;" the inhabitants call it the "Owls' hole." In early summer it yields the Arum and the Stellaria, and many other pretty wild-flowers; and in autumn there are ripe red raspberries and sheaves of ferns. Presently we find the valley spanned, at the height of 116 feet above the bed of the river, by the railway viaduct, and about half a mile lower down, at "Hoghton Bottoms," the scenery again becomes romantic, though the path is not so practicable.

In 1617, James I., on his return from Scotland to London, passed through Lancashire, and stayed three days at Hoghton Tower, namely, from August 16th to 18th, during the whole of which time the weather is recorded to have been "verie hotte." Splendid festivities were kept up while the king remained, and during their progress, it is said, arose the questionable legend of "Sir Loin." Otherwise, the tower is not distinguished in history. The only important event told of it in connexion with military matters, consisted in a terrific explosion of gunpowder, which occurred in one

of the courts during the civil wars, and caused the deaths of no less than two hundred persons.*

The old "East Lancashire" line is the one also for Skipton, thus for BOLTON ABBEY, distant six miles, or from Manchester, fifty-one. For this we branch off at Accrington in a north-easterly direction, instead of going due west, as for Hoghton Tower and Preston. The Skipton line is that by which we proceed likewise for Settle and for Ingleborough.

Returning to "Clifton Junction," with Prestwich church upon the hill, and Mere clough, and its white cottage lying like a picture a little below,—we now go on by the great line that conveys passengers to Lancaster, Carlisle, and Scotland. Arrived at Bolton, it is best in the first place to diverge from it upon the right, or along that convenient strip of rails, which, running parallel for some distance with the "East Lancashire" after the latter leaves Bury, at last coalesces with it at Blackburn. By adopting this course, we pass through a valley of great grandeur. The "Peel Monument," above Ramsbottom, becomes a conspicuous object very soon after leaving Bolton, and remains visible for a long time. Then we pass "Turton Tower," once a residence of Humphrey Chetham, with other places interesting to

* A shorter, though not always so convenient a way to Hoghton Tower, is *viâ* Chorley and Preston. This present year, 1866, I am informed upon authority, the Tower will be entirely closed to the public.

the antiquary and the local historian; many romantic dells are also here, though now usually occupied by some description of "works" or manufactory. Such is the case with the once celebrated and picturesque place called "The Jumbles," on the right of the line, and adjacent to Edgeworth. Arrived at ENTWISTLE, six miles from Bolton, the eye is captivated by a fine upward stretch of country, plentifully wooded, remarkably free from chimneys and buildings, and surrounded by the high hills that divide it from the valley of the "East Lancashire" Railway, and that border the forest of Rossendale. In reference to the term "forest," as applied to Rossendale, the "Peak-forest," &c., it may be useful to remark that these places were not so called because covered with trees, in the way that the appellation of "forest" implies at present, but on account of their originally wild and uncivilised condition. They were *ad foras*, or "out-of-doors." The word "Frith" has a similar signification, as in the name of the Derbyshire village we visited *en route* to Castleton, which is literally "Chapel-in-the-outlandish-country."

Ascending from the Station, and crossing two or three fields, we come to a broad sheet of water, called "Entwistle Lodge," the embankment for which was constructed about 1830. Nature has long since repaired the damage then done to her original beauty, and gives us at once a lovely scene for the artist and the photographer, and a dell rich in wild-flowers for the botanist.

This dell is the only place within the limits of the Manchester Flora where the lily-of-the-valley grows truly wild; in autumn it abounds with golden-rod, ferns, hawkweeds, and the blue Jasione, and on the slopes are many bushes of the *Rosa villosa*, distinguished by the deep colour of the petals, and the globular and bristly fruit. An impetuous torrent rushes over the rocks, half hidden by the trees; and in winter, and after heavy rain, there comes down from the reservoir a waterfall of at least 150 feet in descent. Moving on through Over-Darwen and Lower Darwen, then crossing the old "East Lancashire" at Blackburn, nearly at right angles, on account of the westward bend of the latter, we arrive in a little while at WHALLEY, the district from which came the late opulent banker, Mr Samuel Brooks, and from which he adopted the name of "Whalley Range" for a well-known suburb. Upon the right we see the remains of venerable WHALLEY ABBEY, and in another moment can leave the train for the purpose of examining that far-famed ruin. Close by was it that Paulinus preached, A.D. 627, and that the beginning was made in the conversion of Northumbria to Christianity. The crosses in the ancient graveyard of the church commemorate the event—memorials of a circumstance that belongs, in truth, not more to this once lonesome valley than to the nation.* The Abbey

* Paulinus was sent into the north of England at the same time as Augustine into the south, by Pope Gregory the Great. The former was made Archbishop of York, and the latter Archbishop of Canterbury.

was founded A.D. 1296, or shortly afterwards, by a body of that celebrated branch of the Benedictines, denominated the "Cistercians," and also known as the "White Monks." The latter name had reference to certain peculiarities in their dress; the former was taken from *Cistertium*, the Latinised name of Cisteaux, in Burgundy, where the order had been instituted about two centuries previously. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the Cistercians numbered, in different parts of the kingdom, no less than eighty-five establishments. How much modern England is indebted to those energetic and pious men, it would be difficult to over-estimate. Seating themselves in remote places, they became centres of civilisation, art, literature, and charity; and though the "dissolution" may have been rendered expedient, if not necessary, it is impossible to deny that, with the monks of the other orders (constituting altogether about 608 establishments,*) they were the pioneers and preservers of very much that we have to be thankful for at the present day. A good deal still remains to show the ancient beauty and stateliness of the Abbey. Several arches of a portion of the Chapter-house are nearly perfect, and every here and there, in the fragments of walls, we find a window or a

* Bishop Tanner: "*Notitia Monastica*, or, An Account of all the Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Friers, formerly in England and Wales. 1744."—*Chetham Library.*

grand old gateway. The row of ancient yew-trees is not the least impressive part of the spectacle.

When at Whalley, of course we ascend Nab's Hill, an elevation which, though of small account compared with several others in the neighbourhood, gives from the summit a most admirable view. The plain, the river Calder, Longridge Fells in the distance, the pinnacles of princely Stoneyhurst, Clitheroe, and many other stupendous or beautiful expressions of nature and art, are taken in by the eye almost at once.

Returning to the Whalley station, in a few minutes we reach CLITHEROE itself, distant from Manchester 35 miles. Supposing that the journey thither be made direct, it will be noted that the latter half of the ride is through scenery of singular beauty and great expanse, a ridge of mountains rising in the distance upon either hand.

Clitheroe is a neat little place, and one of considerable antiquity. There is much in it deserving of notice; the special feature, however, and that to be recommended as offering invitation to the day-visitor, is the fine old Castle, or rather, the mural skeleton of it that alone remains, and which forms a striking and conspicuous object upon the summit of a precipitous limestone crag, something after the manner of Beeston. The stronghold now in ruins was built in the time of William Rufus, or about 700 years ago: but it is highly probable that a fortress existed here in the time of the Saxons, or coëvally with the

ancient Saxon church of Whalley. The area covered by the feudal castle appears to have been inconsiderable. As a building, it could have had none of the grandeur of Kenilworth;—it was probably more like Peveril or Knaresborough,—a compact and impregnable asylum and centre of action. It now belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, but is at the command of Dixon Robinson, Esq., Steward of the Honour of Clitheroe, who resides within the precincts of the ancient castle, and by whom the winding steps to the summit of the Keep, and other portions that were much dilapidated, were put into their present substantial state of repair. The ascent to the Castle is through Mr Robinson's grounds, and by the courtesy of that gentleman, visitors are permitted to ascend and to enjoy the noble views obtained from every part,—views, of course, corresponding in a degree with those from the hill above Whalley Abbey, but by no means so extended, though, on the other hand, secured without toil. On the walls the botanist is pleased with the lilac scabious, the pimpinel, and many another little plant that like "the temple-haunting martlet," loves to abide where "the heavens' breath smells wooingly." A green-house upon the eastern side of the residence forms a curious contrast with the ancient castle-buttresses alongside of it: the Pleasaunce below is kept as an elegant series of green terraces.

From Clitheroe we do well to proceed to CHATBURN, about two miles further, and the present terminus of the

railway. The journey thither is best made upon foot, and the rails can be taken for returning, either to Clitheroe, or forwards to Manchester. Going about half-a-mile along the highway, we turn through a gate into a downward-sloping field upon the left, the path through which presently goes under a flat railway-bridge, and then leads to one along the foot of the first quarry, and so in to the fields again. Many unaccustomed plants occur here, as wild thyme, wild marjoram, and the *Pimpinella magna*, indicating the calcareous formation below; and in a little bushy lane is abundance of the *Tamus*, the spiral vessels of which are such charming objects when magnified and viewed with the polariscope. Here, also, *nuts* are produced plentifully.

For the whole distance, indeed everywhere hereabouts, we have in the east the constant and huge companionship of Pendle Hill. Looking back, the Keep of Clitheroe Castle, standing high in air, maintains also a character truly majestic, especially when, as upon the occasion of festivals and galas, the standard is elevated upon the flag-staff. By and bye, upon the right, down in the valley, we see the Chatburn terminus and adjacent hotel, and curling round towards them by the high road, the walk is completed. The Chatburn quarries are capital ground for the student of fossil-shells and other remains that belong to and characterise the great strata known as "limestone." Here are found plenty of *Terebrat'ulæ*, the *Productus*, the beautiful broad-hinged and deeply-

striated Spirifers, and the discoid univalve well-named *Euom'phalus.*

The limestone of the neighbourhood contains also innumerable fossil-specimens of that beautiful and chiefly-

FIG. 36.
Terebratula.
(reduced.)

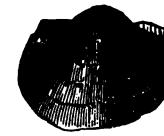


FIG. 37.
Productus.
(reduced.)

extinct family of animals called, from their resemblance to an expanded lily-blossom, the "Crinoidea," the word *krinon* in Greek signifying a lily. We are enjoined to "consider the lilies of the field;"—not foreign to the spirit of the Divine behest is it to consider the lilies of the limestone-rock, which, beautiful as they are now, in

FIG. 38.
Euomphalus.

the form of petrifactions, must, when alive, have been lovely to the utmost; and which, carrying back the mind, as they do, into periods immensely earlier than

that of the creation of man, tell us, with so sublime an eloquence, that creative power was no less exquisitely expressed then, though human eyes there were none to behold, than at this moment, in the sweetest lineaments of meadow and garden. Formerly it was supposed that these wonderful fossils, and likewise those found in the coal-mines, were memorials of Noah's flood; and very curious and interesting is it to look back upon the endeavours made by one of the early delineators of fossil remains, to establish the identity of extinguished things with existing ones. We allude to Scheuchzer, who, in one of the most remarkable books in our priceless Chetham Library,* gives numerous beautiful drawings of fossils, which he believes to include petrified poplar-catkins, ears of barley, fronds of the common shield-fern, &c. This was natural enough; but Geology has now put it beyond all possibility of overthrow that there have been *many* successive creations, both of plants and animals; and no one must now say that to receive this great truth is to accept something contrary to "religion," for if contrary it were, "religion" would signify ignorance. Far more reverent is it to feel that there is no place where life is not present, and that there never was a time when life was not.

These "Crinoidea" were animals with stalk-like bodies several inches in length, and bearing upon the summit a head, much of the character of an Actinia or "Sea

* *Physica Sacra.* 1739. Vol. i. p. 49.

anemone," the colour of which was no doubt brilliant, and probably diversified, as happens with the sea-anemones of our rocky shores to-day. What is most curious is that at Clitheroe there are thousands upon thousands of the petrified *heads* of some of these creatures, (as of the one called *Platycrinus triacontadac'tylos*, or the "thirty-rayed,") but *no bodies;* while at Castleton, on the other hand, where the encrinital limestone is also well developed, there are innumerable specimens of the petrified bodies, but *no heads*. The explanation of this singular fact is, that at the time when these animals existed, great floods swept the shores upon which they were seated, breaking off and washing away the tender and flower-like heads, but leaving the pillar-like bodies still fast to the ground, just as at the present day we see the petals of the pear-tree blossom wrenched away by the storm, and heaped up like a snowdrift by the wayside. Not that bodies are wanting at Clitheroe; for at Salt-hill, "the limestone is quite friable in many cases, from the number of broken encrinital stems which compose it." Another fossil encrinite very abundant about Clitheroe is that one called the *Actinocrinus*.

FIG. 39. Encrinite, or Stone-lily.

To see specimens of these encrinital remains, it is simply necessary to notice the great stones set up endways, in place of stiles, between the fields, after passing

the quarries. Several of these are crowded with fragments, and show the rough condition of what is not uncommon as the material of mantel-pieces. For the sake of ladies who may adventure hither, perhaps it is right to say that the vertical stone barriers in question were erected without reference to circular dresses and exo-skeletons.

Arrived at the hotel, and refreshed, we may go next into the village, or ascend Pendle Hill, or make our way to the banks of the river. The latter are delightful. Not what the Ribble is at "Proud Preston," some twenty miles lower down, a broad and majestic stream, do we find it here, but rural, peaceful, and secluded, the water shallow and clear, and inviting, not the oar, but the line of the angler. The bordering meadows and quiet approaches remind us of Cheshire; and no place is there that can rise up more vividly before the mind than Ribblesdale, when, far away, we bethink ourselves

> "How on a summer morn the dewy lanes
> In sunny England kissed us with the breath
> Of their green mouths, and took us in cool arms."

A little way down is a ferry, where, crossing the stream, we place our feet upon the soil of Yorkshire. From the opposite bank a pleasant walk of a mile and a half brings us to the ruins of Salley or Sawley Abbey, one of the earliest built in the north, having been founded A.D. 1147, by the grandson of that famous De Perci who came from Normandy with William the Con-

queror. The situation, like that of so many other monasteries, is in a warm and fertile country, well wooded and watered, and with plenty of good fishing close at hand; the monks, like those of Whalley, were of the Cistercian order.*

The ascent of Pendle Hill involves a rather heavy walk of two and a half miles. It is best to make direct for the "Big end," the height of which is 1850 feet, or 352 greater than that of Rivington Pike. The very name of Pendle Hill carries with it, in Lancashire, something impressive, though it may often be indefinably so. It is a synonym throughout the district for the profoundest antiquity, and is associated at once with watch-fires and with witchcraft. Yet, except for the explorer, the reward of the climb is indifferent. The views, no doubt, are grand, and plenty of mountain-plants may be collected, but there is nothing peculiar. A pleasing association exists, however, in the circumstance that John Ray, the father of English botany, records in his "Synopsis," p. 243, that near the beacon he gathered *Bifolium minimum*, the plant now called *Listera cordata*. This would be about 1690.

Returning, this time to Bolton, we start thence, by the main line to the north, for RIVINGTON, well known to every visitor to Preston and Blackpool, through its lofty "Pike." Immediately after leaving Bolton we have,

* For all particulars respecting this celebrated place, see Mr Harland's "Historical Account."

upon the right hand, a noble and commanding ridge of hills, and with a few miles' ride, come abreast of the highest visible point, which here presents the figure, for a short time, of a genuine *mamelon*, that is to say, an evenly-swelling, symmetrical, and beautifully-rounded eminence, with a little tower upon the summit, like that classic one of Samos, which Callimachus connects so elegantly with the name of the lady Parthenia. The mamelon is "Rivington-*pike*,"—a rather strained application of the term, since "pike" means something peaked or pointed, whereas, neither at Rivington nor in the Peak of Derbyshire does the land rise into an apex. The height, which is 1200 feet, allows of extensive and majestic views, and when evening is beginning to tint the world with its ruddy amber, and more especially, perhaps, when the green country glows with sunset, the prospect is indescribably splendid. The great plain that stretches to the Fylde, and ends with Southport, Blackpool, and Fleetwood, lies at our feet; Chorley, Preston, and the Ribble are in the distance; and below, to the right, are the great lake-like reservoirs of the Liverpool water-works. The best course for the ascent is to leave the train at Horwich-and-Blackrod station, and move up by the side of the little river Douglas;—to descend, it is best to make for the reservoirs, and so, by the road, to the "Blackamoor's-head" hotel.

Quite as interesting, every way, as the Pike, and more so in some respects, are the great water-works just re-

ferred to. They are not in sight from the railway, but half-an-hour's walk brings us close upon their broad expanse, and into a country of unexpected and pleasing beauty. To visit these, proceed to "Adlington," the station next beyond Horwich, and thence by the high road and across the fields in the direction of the hills. The fields are entered diagonally, and alongside of a little fir plantation upon the right. From the road at this point, and from the first field, though the elevation is inconsiderable, the sea at Southport, or thereabouts, is when reddened by sunset, plainly visible.

Reaching the water-side we turn to the left, towards the handsome and conspicuous residence of Mr Martin, and going through his plantations, cross the embankment that separates this great reservoir, (called the "Rivington,") from the next above, which is termed the "Anglezark." Across the embankment, turning again to the left, with the steep slope upon the right, we presently come to the foot of a rough and broken hill. Up this, by a zig-zag path, we soon reach a soft and turfy ridge, whence, as from the Pike, a truly glorious view is obtained, and at half the expenditure of climbing power. From a point in the wall upon the opposite side of the field a little higher up, where there is an iron gate, new and still more surprising views are obtained. Now and then, on fine and perfectly tranquil Sunday evenings, when the atmosphere is freed from smoke, and rain is at hand, may be seen even Lancaster and "Coniston old man."

Resuming by the embankment that divides the Rivington and Anglezark reservoirs, we ascend through the little wood upon the left, and so onwards, through the fields abreast of the water, to the "Blackamoor's-head," which lies just at the foot of the former, on the side opposite that which we reach from the station. Behind the hotel, at the distance of half-a-mile or so, is "Deanwood," a beautiful glen, which may be reached by the fields and going up past the lodge. At the upper end there is a waterfall, which descends in white shreds into the ravine.

The Act of Parliament authorising the construction of these great reservoirs was obtained in 1847. The works were commenced in 1850, and water from them was first delivered in Liverpool, January 2, 1857. The area of the reservoirs is 500 acres: the contents, when they are full, amount to 3170 millions of gallons, of which the "Rivington" alone holds 1800 millions. The supply, like that of the Manchester water-works in the upper Etherowe valley, is obtained from the high grounds above, or from a space of 10,000 acres, chiefly moorland, whence the slight discoloration of the water. The rivers Douglas, Yarrow, and Roddlesworth, with other streams, are the chief feeders. After heavy and continuous rain, when the reservoirs are full, the great steps intended for overflows are the scenes of superb waterfalls. In a word, whether upon a level with them, or surveying from above, these great lakes, *provided there be plenty of water*, form

one of the most charming spectacles in South Lancashire.

Travelling onwards by this railway, in due course we reach PRESTON, distant from Manchester thirty miles. Continuing thence in a straight line, we reach Lancaster, for Silverdale, distant about sixty miles; onwards again, we are at Bowness for Windermere; or at Penrith for Keswick. Turning off, on the other hand, *westwards* from Preston, at fifty miles' distance from Manchester we find Fleetwood, and are thus far advanced upon the pleasantest way into the Lake district, which is from Fleetwood by steam-boat across Morecambe Bay to the Pile of Fouldrey,* and so past Furness Abbey to Newby Bridge and the foot of Windermere. No one staying at Fleetwood should miss crossing to see the ruins of Furness Abbey. They are very extensive, a perspective of 287 feet in length being commanded from the great east window; and the crevices being abundantly occupied with vegetation, and the spot on which they stand, embosomed in trees, the appearance is eminently picturesque. The abbey was founded A.D. 1127, but the greater portion of the existing ruins do not appear, from their pointed arches, to be older than the reign of Henry III. Some round-headed arches, in the south-western part, belong probably to the original building,

* Pile, Pille, or Peel, for in all these ways is the word spelt, is from *pelum*, a dog-Latin term of the middle ages for a castle, as in the "Peel of Man," of the miscalled, by duplication, "Peel Castle."

and are in a state of remarkable preservation. No monastic establishment was ever more powerful or beneficial than that of Furness. When, in 1537, Henry VIII. compelled its surrender, the overthrow was beheld with the deepest dejection, and was followed by the decay and depopulation of the neighbourhood. Finsthwaite, the lofty and wooded eminence on the left of Newby Bridge, commands one of the most glorious views of land and water, salt as well as fresh, that are anywhere to be found in the north of England.

Deviating from the Fleetwood line, almost when within sight of the sea, we find ourselves at BLACKPOOL, distant from Manchester, like the last-named place, almost exactly fifty miles. Blackpool, if not the Brighton of Manchester, is, at all events, a kind of huge "marine villa" for some tens of thousands of its inhabitants during the season. Nothing can be more flat and dreary than the inland country; yet once within list or sight of the water, a man must be dull indeed who finds Blackpool so. We may walk where the wrinkled sand is strewn with the pretty sea-born playthings left by the tide, shells and polished pebbles round as birds' eggs, while a thin line of delicate foam comes creaming up, and retires in silence. At another time the white rage of the surf shall beat us back, and send showers of salt rain into our ill-averted faces, while blotches of yeasty froth scud past, and stop not until captured by some heap of stranded wrack. Though there is none of that

grand swirling and contest of waters, and throwing up of sudden fountains, and toss of drowned tapestry of black bladder-weeds, such as pertains to a rocky coast like that of North Devonshire, Blackpool, save on exceptional days, always has a grand and inspiring sea for us, with breeze to correspond; sweet solitudes are there also, if we go a little beyond Southshore. Behind Southshore, towards Marton, there are pleasant walks and drives; and over the "cliffs," towards Fleetwood, there is change again.*

Once more departing from Bolton, a line due west conveys us to Wigan,—noted in history and for its "cannel coal,"—and thence either to Liverpool or to Southport. The latter is totally destitute, except under unusual circumstances of storm and tide, of the attractions that render Blackpool so fine in its Sea. But at Southport there are sand-hills, in their kind so remarkable and picturesque, and so richly stored with curious plants, and the air is so soft and salubrious, that to the visitor who desires calm, and to the naturalist, it is greatly superior. Over 700 species of our native plants are to be found there; nearly a hundred kinds of shells may be collected upon the sands, along with at least a score of Crustaceans and Annelids, and the fresh-water shells

* See for many interesting particulars respecting this neighbourhood, also for sketches of Silverdale, &c., Edwin Waugh's very lively and agreeable "Rambles in the Lake Country and its Borders." 1861.

of the neighbourhood amount to at least thirty. Especially rich are the low wet sandy grounds that lie beyond Birkdale, and the *plateaux* that occur among the sand-hills beyond that noble edifice which, calling itself the "Palace Hotel," will some day be a first-class Sanatorium. It is of this building that, by the courtesy and liberality of the proprietors, a view is prefixed as frontispiece to the present volume. No other at Southport is so truly a seaside place, being quite away from town-disturbances, yet enjoying the advantages of a railway station close at hand. The look-out in all directions is very pleasing,—that over the water particularly so; and from the gallery at the summit is obtained a panoramic view so vast and varied, that Southport need never be contemned again for its flatness. The sand-hills immediately beyond, form in their wild and ever-changing aspects ample substitutes for a corn and pastoral country. Standing upon their spear-clad ridges, we seem to be surveying a miniature Cordillera; in winter the snow beautifully flecks their northward and eastward slopes; while the southern and western ones bask in the sunshine; mosses of all shades of green and coppery-gold strew the firmer parts with little islands of sweet brightness; and the light that lies on the round pools is always purple. It is on these sand-hills that not only is health to be sought and found, but that the naturalist has so much enjoyment. Here grow the lovely Pyrola and the Parnassia, thick as snow-flakes, the golden Chlora and

the Blushwort. Here, too, are found in profusion those beautiful butterflies, the *Zygæ'na Filipen'dulæ*, dark olive-green and crimson; the *Euché'lia Jacobeæ*, chiefly crimson; and as at Blackpool, the lively little *Polyom'matus Alexis*, with blue and speckled wings, delicate enough for the fans of fairies. Besides these, there are sand-lizards, and quick-footed Coleoptera beyond number.

Lizards are, perhaps, less plentiful than on the sand-hills at the other extremity of Southport, where we find them both of a green hue and whitey-brown. To get rid of their skins, which, in warm weather, they change every three weeks, they rub themselves against the hard stalks and leaves of the star-grass. No creature is more sociable or easily tamed. Brought home, a lizard becomes as companionable as an Italian greyhound. On the sand-hills are also innumerable snail-shells, of many colours, and often may we notice a little strew of fragments left by the thrushes, who have devoured the tenants; while some that have been picked clean by the ants, seem never to have been inhabited. Going on to the sea-commons, we find the grassy tufts of the Armeria, and many odd maritime plants; and among other pretty shells, the *Dentalia*, or "elephant's tusk," the *Mactra*, the lilac *Donax*, the spire-like *Scalaria*, with its winding ridge, and abundance of that charming and well-known little bivalve, the *Tellina tenuis*, which seems a hardened rose-petal. "Mermaids'-heads," zoologically *Amphi-*

dotus cordatus, are also plentiful, lying chiefly, as at Blackpool, among the sea-refuse.*

South Lancashire, *viâ* the original Liverpool and Manchester line, offers few attractions to the excursionist, being flat, and, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Worsley, unrelieved by the picturesque. The railway, as far as Parkside, is said to be the dullest in the kingdom. Worsley, however, compensates the general deficiency, and an afternoon cannot be better spent than in the exploration of its many points of interest. Running through Weaste and Eccles,—the latter place interesting as having given birth to ROBERT AINSWORTH, compiler of the sevenfold-famous Latin Dictionary, originally published in 1736,—we presently reach Patricroft, and thence proceed either by the road, or, far more pleasantly, by the canal-bank and the fields, Worsley lying distant about two miles. The Hall, which stands near the upper portion of the village, on the left-hand side of the road, is the third of the name. The original, or "old" hall—a most interesting, quaintly-timbered structure—still exists, and is at present occupied by the Hon. Algernon Egerton. The second was pulled down a few years ago. The erection of the present magnificent building was commenced about 1839, by the first Earl of Ellesmere, (then Lord Francis Egerton,)

* For particulars of the Southport Flora and Fauna, and much useful information respecting the place, see Dr McNicoll's excellent "Hand-book."

under the superintendence of Mr Blore, the architect of the new façade of Buckingham Palace. Viewed from the railway, the portion seen is the garden front, from which the ground descends in a succession of gravelled terraces, protected by balustrades of the description so often associated with mansions of the Elizabethan period, and of which Haddon Hall affords a well known and perfect example. The elevation thus given confers a remarkably commanding character upon the edifice, the interior of which is in correspondence, and contains a valuable collection of paintings and articles of *virtù*. The lofty tower at Wren's Wood, a little to the west, seen rising above the trees, and visible from immense distances, was erected, seven or eight years ago, to the memory of the first earl. Six counties may be reckoned from the summit. Worsley new church is another most beautiful piece of workmanship, and offers a rich treat to lovers of ecclesiastical architecture. It is considered one of the most successful productions of Mr Gilbert Scott, R.A., the ablest living manipulator of the geometric pointed style of architecture. On the bank of the canal, directly beneath the Hall, there is yet another building of interest—the gratulatory or triumphal portico, erected over the spot where the Queen landed upon the occasion of her visit to Manchester in 1851. The design is in harmony with that charming and familiar antique style commonly called "magpie," and in its finest and most elegant conception, as seen at Bramhall. In

respect of this style of architecture, the modern village of Worsley is probably superior to any place in England. The first earl, to whom so much is owing, admired it greatly, and gave every encouragement to the erection of the beautiful examples which now constitute so fine a memorial of his accomplished taste. The famous epitaph in St Paul's Cathedral might well be inscribed here over again—

"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!"

Another way to Worsley is through BOTANY-BAY WOOD—one of the most delightfully sequestered places within many miles of Manchester. Being strictly preserved, it is scarcely known, however, even by name, and it is only under special circumstances that permission is given to pass through it. The wood stands upon the tract of ground that lies between the gardens and the railway, and received its name, about eighty years ago, from the workmen employed in the planting, &c., who cried out that the labour and the desolateness of the place were as bad as transportation. The way to it is by the old Liverpool line to "Barton Moss" Station, where we leave the rails, cross the moss at right angles, and presently enter a broad causeway which traverses it in a line *parallel* with the rails, and at a distance of about a furlong from them. Turning to the right, or towards Manchester, in a little while this broad causeway becomes greener and softer; in a few minutes more it is

shaded with trees, and now we are in Botany-Bay wood. The path continues of the same pleasant character all through,—broad and dry, and not unfit for the thinnest shoes; in high summer, ferns and tall grasses press forward in crowds, and make fences on either hand, while the foxgloves fill every glade with crimson. Just at the entrance to the wood, *Marchantia polymorpha* borders the path with its beautiful green stars, for at least a hundred yards. There are no particularly "rare" plants to be got in the wood; but true naturalists can dispense with the extraordinary, and be happy and content with common things, for it is these which keep the sense of beauty alive. If we look only for the rare, we miss the better part; admiration, like charity, should begin at home.

About a mile and a half of this quiet walking brings us to the extremity of the wood nearest Worsley. Emerging from it into the park-like grounds that lie immediately beneath Worsley Hall, which rises conspicuously upon the right, and moving in the direction of the Hall, first through meadows, and then by a canal-bank, and through a plantation, we at last come to a cream-coloured cottage, on the borders of the main canal. Adjacent to this point there is a swing-bridge, crossing which, we are shown the way into the gardens.

The miscellanea connected with Worsley are all of considerable interest. The date of the original foundation is assigned to the period of the Conquest, when this

demesne belonged to that eminent hero of ancient romance, Elizeus de Worsley, the first Anglo-Norman who volunteered to join in the first Crusade. The coal-pits, like those of Dukinfield, are famous for their fossil-plants, especially the Coppice-field pit, in which there are numerous fine Sigillarias, standing upright as when growing. At times there are upon the floor fine traces of the roots of these plants, called Stigmarias; while in the rough roof there are innumerable remains of Lepidodendra, reed-like calamites, &c., with markings often as delicate as if just traced by an artist. It was to convey the produce of these pits more cheaply to Manchester that the thrice-famous Bridgewater Canal was constructed; the history of this enterprise, with that of the Duke of Bridgewater and of Brindley, forms, as all intelligent men are well aware, one of the most entertaining and impressive chapters in the records of English progress.

The neighbourhoods of Leigh, Atherton, Tyldesley, &c., though not picturesque, offer considerable attractions to the naturalist. In Peel Quarry, near Little Hulton, are found plenty of specimens of calamites and other fossils belonging to the carboniferous era; and large numbers of a fossil fruit locally called "palm-nuts," the produce, apparently, of a tree allied to the Japanese *Salisburia.* On account of the three projecting ribs or corners of the shell, this nut bears the name of *Trigonocarpon.* In the limestone beds near Leigh

are found also numerous fossil shells and fossil sponges!

Running over Chat-moss, which, after at least fifteen centuries of black and wet sterility, is now about to become useful, being in process of consolidation by skilful draining, we pass Newton and Rainhill, and then come to Huyton, three stations before reaching the terminus at Liverpool. This is the point to stop at if it be wished to visit KNOWSLEY, the celebrated seat, with its magnificent park, crowded with game, of the Earl of Derby. The distance is about two miles. Travelling along this line, it is not unprofitable to remember that so recently as A.D. 1635, Liverpool was not thought worthy of being inserted in the map of England. In Selden's "*Mare Clausum, seu de Dominio Maris*," a curious old Latin book at the Chetham Library, page 239, there is a map in which Preston, Wigan, Manchester, and Chester are all set down, but although the Mersey lies in readiness, there is no Liverpool!

SUMMARY

OF

RAILWAY STATIONS AND DISTANCES.

The figures that follow the names of the several places denote the number of miles that they are distant from the Manchester Station of departure previously mentioned.

1. LONDON-ROAD STATION.

A. *London and North-Western.*

1. Through Stockport,
   - To Handforth, 10½, for Norcliffe.
   - „ Wilmslow, 12, for Lindow Common and Hanging-banks Wood.
   - „ Alderley, 13¾, for Lindow Common, Alderley Edge, Birtles, and Capesthorne.
   - „ Chelford, 17, for Capesthorne.
   - „ Crewe, 31, for Beeston and Peckforton.
   - „ Crewe, 31, for Wrenbury, 39½, *en route* to Combermere.
   - „ Crewe, 31, for Shrewsbury, 63¼, *en route* to Wroxeter, (Uriconium.)
2. Through Stockport,
   - To Davenport, 7, for Bramhall.
   - „ Hazel-grove, 8, for the Bramhall Valley, Marple Wood, Dan-bank Wood, &c.

To Disley, 12, for Lyme Park, Lyme Hall, Jackson Edge, Marple Ridge, the Strines Valley, and Cobden Edge.
„ New-Mills, 13½.
„ Furness Vale, 15.
„ Whaley-Bridge, 16, for the Todd-brook Reservoir Taxal, &c.
„ Chapel-en-le-Frith, 19¾, for Castleton.
„ Doveholes, 22, for Castleton.
„ Buxton, 25.
Thence, from the "Midland" offices—
To Millersdale, 30½, for Chee Tor.
„ Hassop, 36, for Chatsworth.
„ Bakewell, 37, for Chatsworth and Haddon.
„ Rowsley, 40¼.
„ Matlock, 45¾.
„ Derby, 62.

3. Through Stockport,
To Bramhall, 9½, for Bramhall Hall and the Bramhall Valley.
„ Adlington, 13¼, for Pott Shrigley, and Harrop Wood.
„ Prestbury, 15¼, for Mottram-St-Andrew.
„ Macclesfield, 17½.

4. Through Stockport and Macclesfield,
To North Rode Junction, (*viâ* "North Staffordshire,") 22¼, for Gawsworth.
„ Congleton, 26¼, for Brookhouse Moss and Biddulph Grange.
„ Mow Cop, 29¼.
„ Stoke, 37½.
„ Trentham, 40¼.
„ Stone, 44½.

5. Through Stockport and Macclesfield, thence, *viâ* "North Staffordshire," to North Rode Junction, 22¼. Thence, by the "Churnet Valley,"
To Bosley, 24, for Cloud-end.
„ Horton, 29, for Rudyard Lake,
„ Leek, 31.
„ Froghall, 38.

To Oakamoor, 40½.
„ Alton, 42, for Alton Towers.
„ Rocester Junction, 45½, for Ashbourne, 52½, Dovedale, Ilam, and Tissington.
„ Uttoxeter, 49½.
„ Derby, 69¼.

LONDON-ROAD STATION.

B. *Manchester and Sheffield.*

1. Through Guide Bridge,
To Woodley, 8¾, for Werneth Lowe.
„ Romiley, 10, for Chadkirk, Marple Hall, Dan-bank Wood, Offerton, &c.
„ Marple, 11¾.
„ New Mills.
2. Through Guide Bridge, (main line,)
To Mottram, 10, for Broadbottom, Stirrup Benches, Charlesworth Coombs, the lower valley of the Etherowe, &c.
„ Dinting Junction, 12, for Glossop, 13, Hayfield, Kinderscout, &c.
„ Woodhead, 19¼.
„ Penistone, (through the tunnel,) 28, there changing into the Doncaster Line, for Wentworth.
„ Wortley, 32½, for Wharncliffe Crags.
„ Oughty Bridge, 36½.
„ Sheffield, 41¼.
„ Worksop, 57.

2. VICTORIA STATION.

A. *London and North-Western.*

1. Through Miles Platting, 1½, and Staley Bridge, 8,
To Mossley, 10½.
„ Greenfield, 12¾, for Seal Bark and the "Isle of Skye."

To Saddleworth, 13¾.
„ Marsden, (through the tunnel,) 18¾.
„ Huddersfield, 26.

2. Through Ordsal Lane,
To Patricroft, 5, for Worsley.
„ Barton Moss, 7¾, for Botany Bay Wood.
„ Huyton, 25, for Knowsley.
„ Edge Hill, 30½, for the Liverpool Botanic Gardens.
„ Liverpool, 31½.

3. Through Ordsal Lane,
To Warrington, 21½, for Hill Cliff.
„ Frodsham, 30.
„ Chester, 39¾, for Eaton Hall, and, *viâ* Rhyl, 69¾, to Llandudno, Conway, 85, Bangor, 91½, Beaumaris, &c.

4. Through Ordsal Lane and Warrington,
To Hartford, for Northwich, Delamere Forest, &c.
„ Winsford.
„ Crewe.

5. Through Ordsal Lane,
To Worsley, 5¾.
„ Tyldesley, 10¼.
„ Wigan, 17.

VICTORIA STATION.

B. *Lancashire and Yorkshire.*

1. Through Miles Platting, 1½, and Middleton, 5¼,
To Heywood, 9¾, for Bamford Wood.

2. Through Miles Platting,
To Littleborough, 13¾, for Hollingworth Lake and Blackstone Edge.
„ Rochdale, 10½, for Bamford Wood.
„ Todmorden, (through the tunnel,) 19, thence, by the Burnley Line, to Portsmouth, for Cliviger, Green's Clough, &c.
„ Hebden Bridge, 23½, for Hardcastle Crags.

To Leeds, 46½.
Thence, by the North-Eastern Line,
To Harrogate, 62½.
„ Ripon, 73¾, for Fountains Abbey.
„ Normanton, changing there for York, 75½, and Scarborough, 118¼.

3. Through Clifton Junction, 4,
To Bolton, 10½.
„ Horwich, 16¾, for Rivington-Pike.
„ Adlington, 19¼, for the Rivington (Liverpool) Water-works.
„ Chorley, 21¾.
„ Preston, 30½.
Thence to Hoghton, 36½, for Hoghton Tower.
Thence to Lancaster, 51½, for Silverdale, Humphrey-Head, Bowness, Ambleside, Keswick, &c.
Thence to Blackpool, 50.
Thence to Fleetwood, 50½, for Furness Abbey, (by steamer to Peel,) Newby Bridge, Windermere, &c.
Thence also, *viâ* Longridge, to Ribchester, Stoneyhurst, &c.

4. Through Clifton and Bolton,
To Entwistle, 16½.
„ Whalley, 31½, for the Abbey; also for Stoneyhurst, &c.
„ Clitheroe, 35.
„ Chatburn, 38.

5. Through Clifton and Bolton,
To Skipton, 45½, for Bolton Abbey; also for Settle, Ingleborough, &c.

6. Through Clifton and Bolton,
To Wigan, 20¼.
„ Southport, 37¼, for the Birkdale sand-hills.
„ Liverpool, 40¼.

3. NEW BAILEY-STREET STATION.

Through Clifton Junction,
To Molyneux Brow, 4¾, for Prestwich.

To Radcliffe, 7¼.
„ Bury, 10.
„ Summerseat, 12½.
„ Ramsbottom, 14.
„ Accrington, 22¼.
„ Hoghton, for Hoghton Tower.

Note.—Some of the trains in this section start primarily from Victoria Station.

4. OXFORD-ROAD STATION.

1. Through Stretford, 4¼, and Timperley, 7¾,
To Bowdon, 8½, for Dunham Park, Rostherne, Tatton Park and Gardens, Bucklow Hill, &c.
2. Through Stretford and Timperley,
To Heatley, 12½, for Warburton.
„ Lymm, 14.
„ Thelwall, 15½.
„ Latchford, 17¼.
„ Warrington, 18½.
„ Penketh, 21¼.
„ Liverpool, 37.
3. Through Stretford and Altrincham,
To Peel Causeway, 8½, for the Lower Bollin Valley and Cotterill.
„ Ashley, 10¼.
„ Mobberley, 12.
„ Knutsford, 14¾.
„ Northwich, 20¾, for the Salt-crystal Mines, and for Oulton Park.

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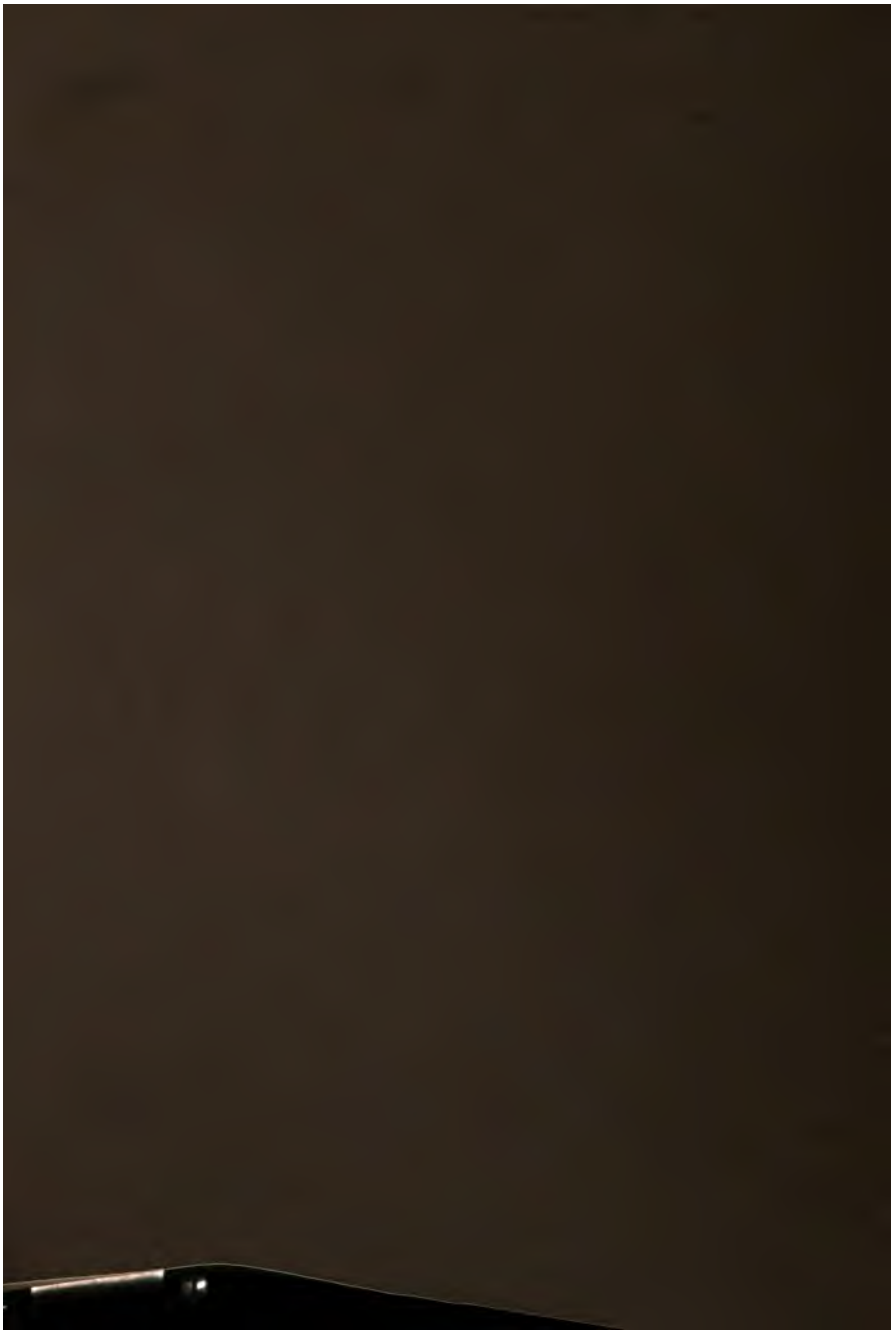
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